Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS OF HOLLAND.

BY MRS. M. E. DIGNAM,

President of the Woman's Art Association of Canada.

VIEW OF AMSTERDAM. —K. Klinkenberg.

WATER-COLOUR painting, so long considered the field of the amateur and dilettante, has become the most distinctive achievement in the art of the last century and has reached its culmination in the work of the Dutch painters of to-day. In Holland the great exhibition of the year is the water-colour, held at The Hague, in the Pulchri Studio. That delightful gallery, constructed for the use of the most exclusive guild of painters of modern times, with Josef Israels, H. W. Mesdag, and B. J. Blommers at its head, guiding and directing all matters relating to the best interests of Dutch art.

The Dutch painters devote their best efforts to the pictures to be shown there and by these annual exhibitions the development or retrogression of each painter is carefully noted. An occasional new artist is admitted to the circle, but such an aspirant must first have served a faithful apprenticeship and have gained through a goodly number of years the respect and confidence of his confreres as well as the attention of the public. He must not be an imitator or follower of any of his predecessors or contemporaries; he must be true to himself, and frequently is medalled in every other European country

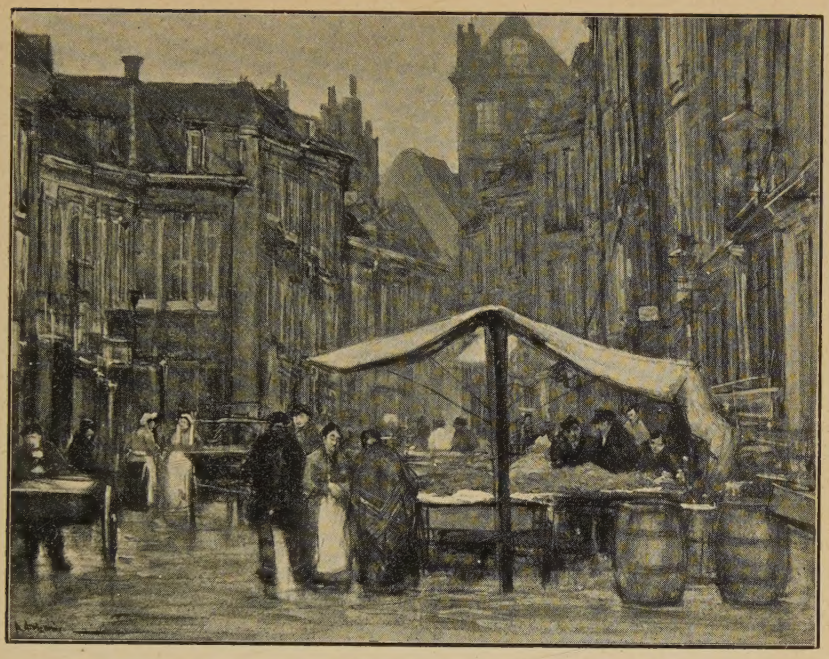
NEAR GOUDA. —Willem Rip.

before he is taken seriously in his own.

Tolstoi says: "The one great quality which makes a work of art truly contagious is sincerity," and this quality the Dutch demand. They believe, and somehow the world has come to believe with them, that, to quote Tolstoi again, "If an artist is really actuated by a feeling, and is strongly impelled to communicate that feeling to other people—not for money or fame, or anything else, but because he feels he must share it—then he will not be satisfied till he has found a clear way of expressing it. And the man who is not borrowing his feelings, but has drawn what he expresses from the depths of his nature, is sure to be original. For in the same way that no two people have exactly similar faces or forms, no two people have exactly similar minds or souls."

How it has come about that such seriousness in art motif should have found expression in aquarelle painting can hardly be explained. The fact, however, remains that we have in Dutch water-colours all the qualities that formerly were thought attainable only in oil painting. All the poetry and pathos of the maturity of Josef Israels' four score and ten years is contained in those beautiful water-colour paintings of interiors. The exquisite diffusion of light and modulation of tone exists equally in his water-colours, if not in a more attractive way than in his oils. All limitations have been overcome by a method which, in a general way, is common to the whole Dutch school, but also in a particular way that is peculiar to Israels.

Several years ago, upon a visit to his studio in The Hague, I found him working upon a small piece of paper with the most intense interest, taking infinite pains to put upon that piece of paper, not only a likeness of himself at work in his studio, but making his actual personality pervade this representation. He had painted it in and "washed" it out, until there



MARKET PLACE—THE HAGUE. —Floris Arntzenius.

was but the merest remnant of the original paper and an etherealized Israels upon it.

Just before an annual exhibition at the "Pulchri" I was visiting B. J. Blommers' studio at The Hague. He had apparently completed one of his charming compositions of children playing in the surf of the North Sea. We discussed the picture and the coming exhibition. Blommers, however, seemed uncertain and could not decide that the picture was complete. A few days later I was in the studio—three days before the time for sending to the exhibition—when, to my amazement, the picture which had been so long in process of completion was all "washed out." The artist explained that he was not satisfied, but it appeared in greater perfection at the opening of the exhibition. All the former study and effort had given the artist the knowledge and sureness which apparently was a *tour de force* of execution at the last moment.

When Israels was completing his greatest picture in oils, now in the Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, his "Saul and David," in which David sits at the tent door looking out toward the Holy City, he was not content that he had attained all his purpose until he had painted a part of it in water-colour. Anything more poetic has never, perhaps, been attained than this reproduction in water-colour of the "David," which was shown at the exhibition of the year.

H. W. Mesdag, the greatest painter of the sea that ever lived, has achieved as great quality in his water-colours as in his oils, in fact there is a greater finesse, a firmer quality often.

Anton Mauve expressed the most subtle lights, graduations, and distances, in his wonderful sheep pictures rendered now in the early

HOLBROOK LIBRARY PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

UNDER THE WILLOWS. —G. Poggenbeek.

morning mists, or the late evening glow, which were more suggestive and poetic than his larger compositions in oils.

The church interiors of Johannes Bosboom, who must be reckoned a *devancier* of Israels, as far as dates are concerned, are among the most beautiful coloured drawings of the group of men who have developed into such great painters in water-colour. These men had no traditions upon which to found a school—it seemed to come as a natural evolution.

Putting Bosboom and one or two others aside, the peculiarity of Dutch water-colours is their homogeneity. The Dutchmen do not consider the world their sketching ground, or the sketches of a summer holiday as themes for their pictures. Their themes are always their everyday environment, which they know and see and understand. Nature is their inspiration, and the secret of their power is only that of a masterful simplicity, without any affectation or sensational technique. They do not paint exactly what they see, but they paint what they see and are familiar with in the spirit which it arouses in them. Subjects are at every hand. Bastert and Apol choose the calm winter days, rendering frost and snow; choosing the stillness rather than the turbulence of the atmosphere, and attaining repose, one of the great distinctive qualities of the Dutch painters.

Among the pictures shown at the Water-colour Exhibition, held in December in the gallery of the Woman's Art Association, were fine examples by Arntzenius, Klinkenberg and Mastenbroeck, the famous painters of city views. The one taking the grey days and street scenes of The Hague, the other rendering the wonderful yellow transparent sunlight, as it was

MOTHER AND CHILD. —Jacob Kever.

never rendered by any other artist but Murillo—choosing the mediæval buildings reflected in the canals. The splendid construction and masterly force of a Mastenbroeck were perfectly represented in "Unloading a Grain Boat," and "A Sluice in Amsterdam," the busy commercial waterways of the Venetian cities of the North Sea affording subjects for his brush.

The green pastures, with their innumerable groups of cattle dotted over them, form a theme with which the brush of many gifted painters has been employed; Mauve, Poggenbeek* and Grœnewegen having painted the most beautiful pictures of the quiet pastures.

The domestic life of the people indoor has attracted many of the ablest men—led by Israels—and grandly supported by a Blommers, a Neuhuys, a Kever, and many others among the younger men, Zoetlief Tromp showing the greatest promise.

Such works as the "Reapers," by Josselin de Jong; the masterpiece, "Fish," by Arntzenius; the perfect landscapes by Du Chattel, Bauffe, Rip, Van Driesten, and Roeloffs; the splendid flower painting of Marie Wuytiers, with others already referred to, have shown Canadians the best work of the greatest school of water-colour painting—the school of Holland—coherent in its expression and development.

In the exhibitions of the last two years, the Woman's Art Association of Canada has been able to

* Jan. 6.—Private cablegram received to-day telling of the lamented death of Poggenbeek.—M. E. D.

MILKING TIME. —A. J. Grœnewegen.

show in its gallery fine examples in both water-colour and oils of every great painter of the last half century in Holland, combining with them each time a small collection of pictures of the Scotch group of painters known as the Edinburgh and Glasgow group, who are in closer touch than others with the Dutch painters, thus affording an opportunity of contrast to those interested in studying one of the greatest art developments of the century.

The first collection was made by H. W. Mesdag, and was augmented by a few loans of fine pictures owned in private collections in Toronto. The second collection was made with the full co-operation and interest of a number of the artists mentioned in this article. The Association has met with much encouragement and appreciation of its efforts from connoisseurs and patrons of art, not only in Toronto but in other cities. The aim of the Association is to do all that is possible to elevate the standard of production and stimulate taste and public interest in art and in the possession of good works of art.

In addition to the admirable article by Mrs. Dignam, we have pleasure in quoting the following notes on recent Dutch art by the accomplished critic, P. M. Hough, B.A.

One is accustomed to take it for granted too readily that the glory of Dutch art lies in the past; that the works and fame of a Van Eyck, a Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, and Ruysdael sum up Holland's contribution to the art of the world, and that this chapter of its history, like the chapters which deal with its maritime supremacy, its industrial greatness, and its struggles for liberty, is closed forever. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Dutch art was never more virile, more original, more self-conscious than to-day, when it is represented by a band of men whose genius and enthusiasm recall the great names of the past. Pro-

THE GOOD HUSBAND. —B. J. Blommers.

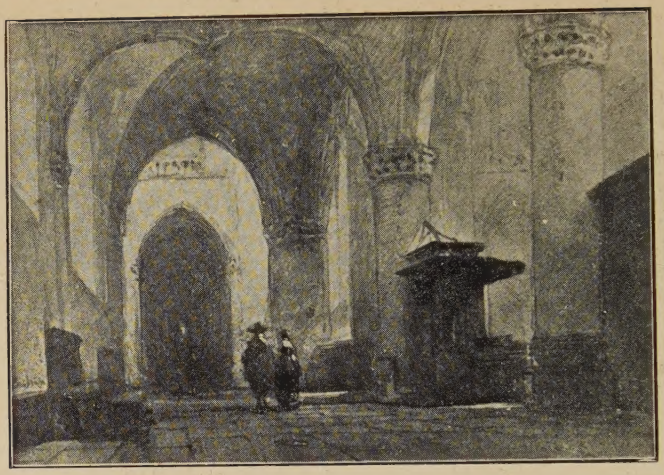
fessor Richard Muther has well said, in his "History of Modern Painting," that, "So far from stagnating, Dutch art is now as fresh and varied as in the old days of its glory."

The Dutch painters of the present day include, indeed, quite a multitude of men of the very first rank, and some of them, like the three brothers Maris, are unexcelled. Jacob Maris, who died so recently as 1890, was known for his splendid landscapes, and still more for his town pictures and beach scenes. Willem Maris has a partiality for meadows in which cattle are browsing in tranquil content. Thys Mathew Maris has a very different style. He paints grey and misty figures and landscapes all hazy and scarcely visible. His love of the obscure and the suggestive led to the common refusal of his portraits by patrons, who complained that they lacked distinctness. No painter, however, commands such large prices as he, and from £2,000 to £3,000 is no rare figure for his canvas.

H. W. Mesdag is Holland's most celebrated sea painter. He pictures the ever-rolling ocean with marvellous power, and carries the song of the waves and the cry of the wild sea-birds into his great paintings, which speak to one of the life and toil of the fishermen, the never-weary waters, and the ever-varying aspects of sea and sky. In this domain he is unrivalled, and he has certainly done some magnificent work.

Bosboom one naturally associates with church interiors, wonderfully well done; Blommers, Artz, and Bles likewise paint interiors, the first two choosing their subjects by preference from the houses of the working classes, while Bles confines himself to the dwellings of the wealthy.

Toorop is the well-known symbolist. His style is Oriental rather



CHURCH AT HAARLEM. —J. Bosboom.

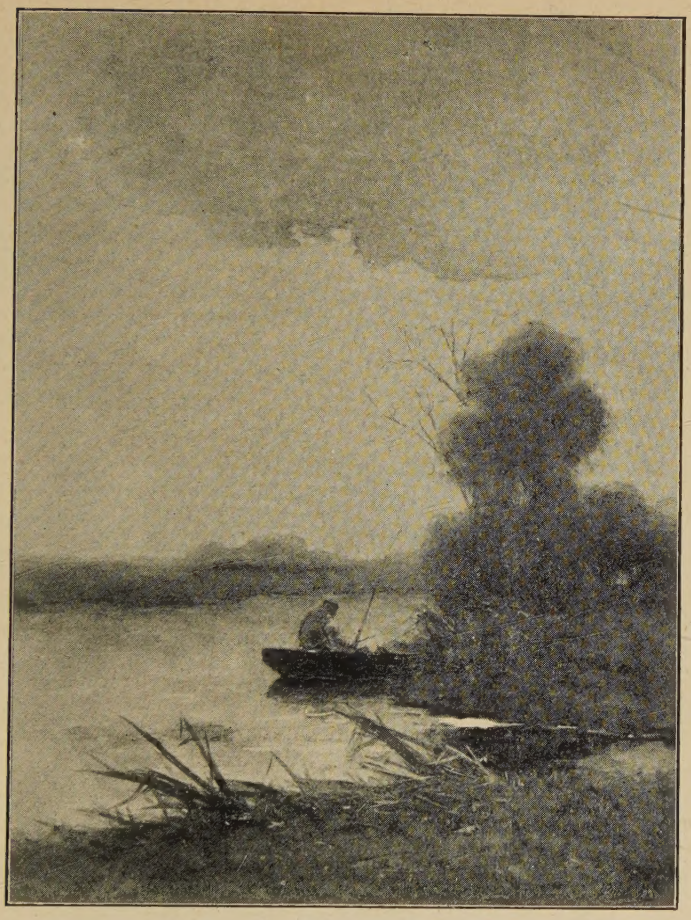
than Dutch, and his topics for the most part are mystical in character. This many-sided man is probably the most versatile artist in Holland. He is expert in almost every domain of art. Etching, pastel and water-colour drawing, oil-painting, wood-cutting, lithography, working in silver, copper, and brass, and modelling in clay, belong equally to his accomplishments, though as a painter he is, of course, best known.

Voerman, once known for his minutely painted flowers, is now a pronounced landscape painter. His cloud studies are marvellous. He paints, as a rule, the rolling cumulus, and is one of the first of the younger artists.

Verster is known best for his impressionist way of painting flowers in colour patches, though he has now taken to the minute and mystical method of representing them.

Onnes, like Toorop, is a decided mystic, and there is a vein of mys-

REAPERS. —Josselin de Jong.



MOONLIGHT. —V. Bauffe.

ticism in all his paintings. He is famous for his light effects in glass and pottery, and has especially a wonderful knack of painting choirs in churches, all in a dreamy light.

Bauer is better known, perhaps, by his drawings and etchings than by his paintings. He paints with striking beauty old churches, temples, and mosques, generally the exteriors, and the effect of his minute work is wonderful. Bauer is also one of the finest of Dutch decorative artists. Hoytema is known for his illustrations. Animal life is his forte, especially owls and monkeys.

The Dutch are not only a nation of painters, but a nation of picture-lovers. The country possesses a number of good public galleries, and much is done in this way and by the frequent exhibition of paintings to foster the love of the artistic. The principal exhibitions are those of the Pulchri Studio and the Kunst-krink (Art Circle) at The Hague, and the "Arti et Amicitia" at Rotterdam. To become a working member of the Pulchri Studio

is counted a great honour, for the artists who are on the committee are very particular as to whom they admit into their circle, and they ruthlessly blackball anyone who is at all "amateurish," or who does not come up to their high standard. For this reason it is that so many of the younger artists give exhibitions of their own works as the only way of getting them at all known.

The scenery, atmosphere, architecture, costumes and customs of Holland lend themselves admirably to art representation. The broad, green meadows, lined with pollard willows, dappled with light and shade and studded with grazing cattle; the silvery grey canals, with their slow-moving, bright-coloured barges; the magnificent sky effects, with snowy cumulus and sombre nimbus clouds; and the endless succession of windmills brandishing their slowly-waving arms, make up a series of pictures of extraordinary beauty. The quaint old streets and waterways of Amsterdam, Rotterdam and The Hague, with their reflected shadows in the still waters; and the homely Dutch interiors, with their glimpses of quaint domestic life, furnish an endless variety of pleasant "motifs" for the artist. The Woman's Art Association of Canada has conferred a marked benefit upon the country and its art-loving people by affording the privilege of seeing some of the best specimens of recent Dutch art. The earnest efforts of its energetic President and of the artists associated with her have achieved in this regard a deserved success.

BETWEEN THE DAYS.

Between the days—the weary days—
  He drops the darkness and the dews:
Over tired eyes His hand He lays,
  And strength, and hope, and life renews,
Thank God for rest between the days!

Else who could bear the battle's stress,
  Or who withstand the tempest's shocks?
Who thread the dreary wilderness
  Among the pitfalls and the rocks,
  Came not the night with folded flocks?

The white light scorches; and the plain
  Stretches before us, parched with heat.
But, by and by, the fierce beams wane;
  And lo! the nightfall, cool and sweet,
  With dews to bathe the aching feet!

For He remembereth our frame!
  Ever for this I render praise.
Oh, tender Master, slow to blame
  The falterer on Life's stony ways—
  Abide with us—between the days!

—*Emma Herrick Weed.*

MOUNTAIN CARRIERS AND GUIDES.*

BY ERNST PLATZ.

IN a gay company of pleasant acquaintances I went up Guarda Lake in a steamboat. There, high above on the west bank, rising abruptly above the dizzy cliffs, lies the little village of Tremosine. So smoothly do the yellow rocky walls shoot downward into the azure blue flood, above which the diminutive huts appear as if glued on the steep hillside, that a celebrated colleague, in the zeal of her observations, gave expression to this profound exclamation: "Ah, how have the people carried the stones up there!" Somewhat of an undesigned witticism, but certainly a good one. And the rest of us laughed more over it than really was compatible with delicate gallantry toward the author.

The involuntary pleasantry arose from a very logical course of reasoning, and in the barren mountains the careful observer finds frequent opportunities to ask with surprise how the people have been able to convey this and that up. It is almost incredible what can be carried and transported into the highest regions, and what the proudest hill must put up with will surprise a sentimental reveller in nature.

It will be, of course, a good while yet till the completion of the Jungfrau Railroad. When on a Wendelstein and its companions in the east and west of the Alps comfortable refuges for travellers are

SWISS PEASANT OF THE HIGH ALPS.

erected, we are surprised that it is yet so primitive up there, and we look about us in vain for the station of a mountain railroad. It is worthy of notice along that line that, on the boundary of very high regions and in other places, we come across the simple houses of the Alpine Union, supplying only the practical necessities of mountain travellers, and especially in Switzerland more or less comfortable mountain hotels. But very wonderful will frequently be the cases more than 11,000 feet in altitude. There, in the midst of an extensive glacial territory, lies an asylum

* Translated from the German "Ueber Land Und Meer."

SAUSSURE AND GUIDE WHO FIRST CLIMBED MONT BLANC.

which in the evening the weary glacier traveller endeavours to reach instead of turning his steps valley-ward. It is a diminutive cottage, built of stones and canvas fastened to decaying rocks by cables so that the wind cannot take it away.

Walk in, traveller, into another mountain refuge, the comfortably furnished room of the spacious second story of the Empress Elizabeth house. A linoleum covered floor deadens the noise of the heavy-nailed shoes. In the taste-

A BURDEN BEARER.

fully furnished dining-room an appetizing decorated table invites you to take a place. Curtains soften the bright light of the brilliant ice-field without, and the walls are decorated with the originals of celebrated artists arranged in the form of a square suitable to the cozy interior. Certainly to find an original Deffreger almost 11,000 feet above the level of the sea in the midst of an ice desert is something of which you had never dreamed. A very substantial menu arouses epicurean desires. And all that is offered you at a height of almost 11,000 feet, hours away from the nearest inhabited valley and eleven from the railroad. How has everything been brought up there? But there is yet something else extraordinary. With a kindly smile the servant places before you a fresh roast of mutton, and the landlord standing near by remarks with a smile of self-satisfaction, "We slaughtered it to-day."

"Zounds, even the cutlets are carried up there," you at first suppose, until some one informs you that the poor sheep is brought from life to death up on the heights. Barbaric, indeed, but convenient. The useful wool-bearer is made to transport his own juicy ribs, which is decidedly more convenient, and by this means the necessary freshness of this indispensable meat is guaranteed.

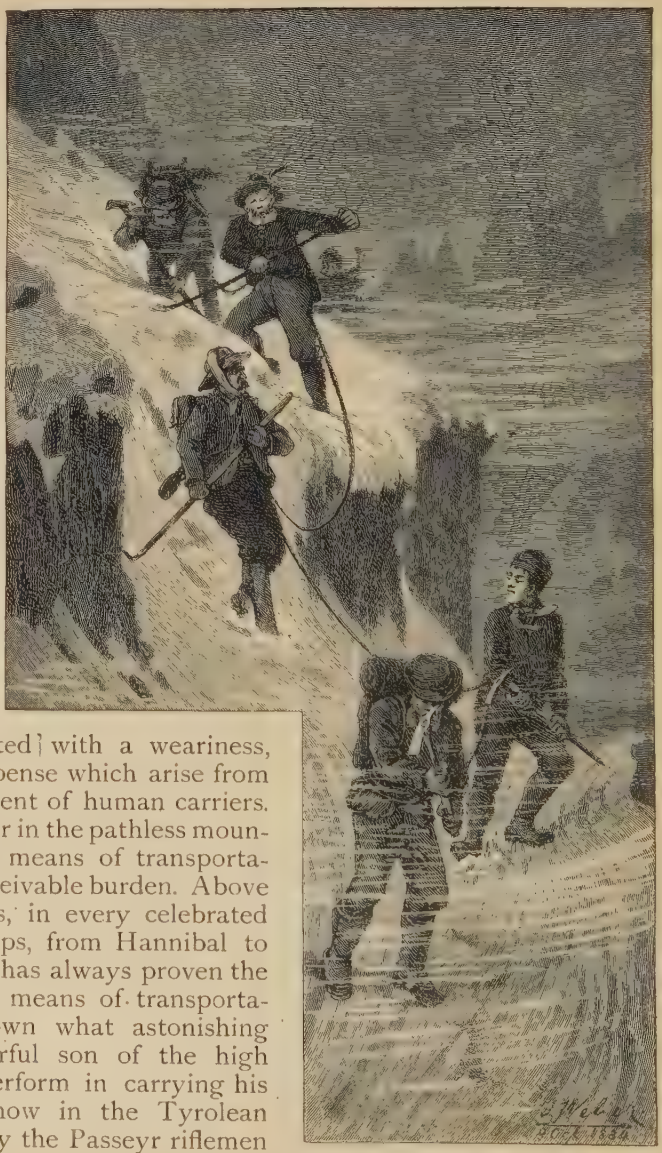
Less convenient, indeed, but much more interesting, was the transportation of the building material and the fittings, which increase very much the cost of the simplest refuge for travellers in such an elevated territory. Every piece, the largest as well as the smallest, had to be carried to its place, the greater part of the way by human power. Only in exceptional cases does the condition of the path permit the use of pack animals. The house itself, that is, the frame-work, is brought together in

CLIMBING MONT BLANC.

the valley and then it is transported in single parts. The most appropriate time for this is the spring of the year, when the winter snow still fills up every place, making possible the use of sledges. These with their burdens are drawn up over the steepest parts by means of ropes and otherwise impossible loads are hauled by the use of strong portable blocks with pulleys. The constant supplying of the house with the indispensible material for heating proceeded by sledges over the level glacial territory.

The employment of sledges for the transportation of loads is a very special advantage only to a few of the houses in the high regions; for the most of these every transportation is conducted with a weariness, difficulty, and expense which arise from the sole employment of human carriers.

Man as a carrier in the pathless mountains is the oldest means of transportation for every conceivable burden. Above all, in war times, in every celebrated passage of the Alps, from Hannibal to modern times, he has always proven the most trustworthy means of transportation. It is known what astonishing things the powerful son of the high mountains can perform in carrying his giant burdens, how in the Tyrolean struggle for liberty the Passeyr riflemen bore on their shoulders cannons and officers over the ridges covered with snow, and how even now by the strength and perseverance of these frame-bearers the products of Alpine industries find their way from the remotest corners of the mountains into the great commercial regions. How often I have



MOUNTAIN GUIDES IN A BLIZZARD.

met the *Kraxentrager* (frame-bearer), called for short "Krax," who, always laughing and in good spirits, for four kreutzers a kilo bore his heavy burden the long, difficult way from Schwaz up to the "Eng," an ascent of about 5,000 feet and of about six hours for a vigorous walker. Once when I fell in with him he carried up fully two hundred and seventeen pounds of necessaries for the landlord of the "Eng." For the return journey, according to merchants of the Inn Valley, he loaded his frame with the products of the cheese dairy, always jolly in spite of his heavy day's work, living frugally on the simple provisions and taking account of every *kreutzer*.

The carrier naturally plays a great role with the tourist, especially in the glacial regions of Switzerland, where in the difficult excursions the guides themselves carry nothing, and for transporting provisions, etc., special carriers must be engaged at a tax fixed by law. These certainly earn more than the Krax, and with wages from twenty to twenty-five francs in addition to the fees, a carrier can enjoy himself very well; indeed often too well, for the benefits of the provisions entrusted to him are too enticing. At the well-deserved rest suddenly the carefully packed provision sacks of the panting carrier appear very much lightened. The traveller and the guide joke and argue, but the condition is not to be altered.

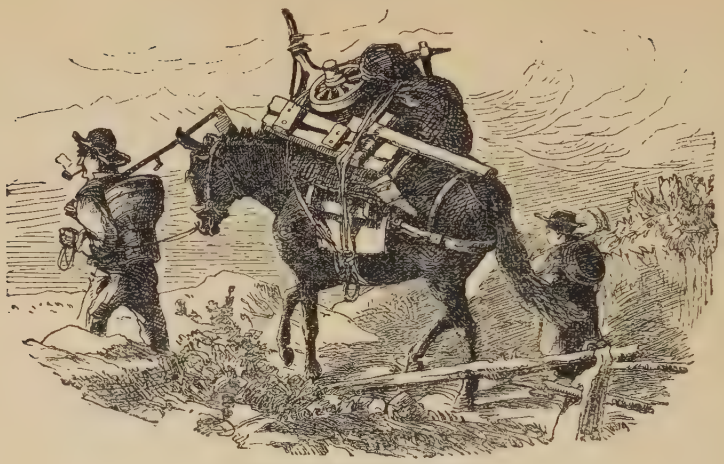
The brave guide has often to prepare for the hard work of transportation, if he is permitted to bring the ambitious tourist to the goal, for there are common fellows enough who like to swagger about with their ice-picks and impress their modest companions by tales of valorous performances without having the least capabilities for such. But of that the world is

CROSSING THE MER DE GLACE.

unsuspicious and the strong guides have powerful arms and stout ropes on which the courageous mountain climber must depend. The principal thing is that it is well paid for. Certainly there are a few brave guides and it is affirmed that now and then, though naturally rarely, the inverted relation between guide and tourist has been permitted.

In the meantime to him and his kind there may suddenly come the opportunity of a more serious transportation, when the guide is permitted on the information or supposition of an accident to go out on the search and to bear valleyward with unspeakable weariness the unfortunate ones, whether they be living with shattered limbs or dead and frozen stiff and hard by the nightly frost. Not always can they be found. Many a one has been buried by the falling avalanche or swallowed up by the glacial crevasse. The ice becomes his coffin, which often, after long years of transportation in the secretive deep, gives back the remains to the light.

There is one trait which characterizes most, if not all, of these men. It is their large-heartedness. They are like a providence haunting the most perilous places of the Alps. There is hardly any risk they will not run, scarcely any exposure they will not endure, to save life or help those in danger or difficulty.



LIFE IN THE HIGH ALPS.

These men, rugged though they are in externals, can be as gentle as women. All who know them are ready to sing their praises in this respect. I remember once three young men, strangers, wandering about in the neighbourhood of Chamouni, and losing their way. Late at night two of them chanced upon a lone hut, in which they found one of these peasant mountaineers. Without a moment's hesitation he set out with one of the young men to fetch their companion, an American student, who, having sprained his ankle, bade the others leave him and seek assistance. It seemed a marvellous thing to those to whom he gave his assistance that he should be able to bear a youth of twenty-two over several miles of rough mountain road, and almost in total darkness. When they were finally landed in an inn the young men made up a sum of twenty francs to reward him for his pains. But he would not accept a sou. "Keep me in your kindly remembrance," said he, "and that will be pay enough."

EGO.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

I, and the universe, and God! And I
So small of stature 'twixt the infinites
Of spirit and of space; what depths, what heights
Are all about me; what great mysteries lie
Like suns eclipsed in silence; yet how nigh
The Presence which like a pure atmosphere invites
My sense-bound soul to know and claim its rights,
And as a god to rise and reign on high!
The oceans and the continents which are
Unknown and unexplored within my soul
Are vaster than this earth, there mysteries far
Exceeding all the secrets of the pole,
And native light that pales the brightest star—
I, more than worlds all fire-doomed at their goal!

Beamsville, Ont.

BICENTENARY OF JOHN WESLEY'S BIRTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN LATHERN, D.D.

OHN WESLEY was born June 17th, 1703. An exceptional interest is being awakened in the bicentenary of his birth. In the United Kingdom the two hundredth anniversary of that event will be commemorated by appropriate memorial services. These will be held at City Road, Wesley's own sanctuary, at Epworth Memorial Church, and at other great centres of denominational influence. In the United States, Canada, Australia, and in missionary Churches that girdle the globe, this bicentenary will be celebrated.

The historian Lecky, whose massive notations comprise a wide range, may be regarded not only as the latest, but most authoritative exponent of the spirit, institutions, and national progress in the "England of the Eighteenth Century." Though writing from a rationalistic standpoint, rather than as an apologist for evangelism, he devoted over a hundred pages of a bulky volume to the religious movement of the time. He thinks the most important occurrence in the reign of George II., notwithstanding the administration of the elder Pitt and the victories won under it by sea and land, was the Methodist revival. The creation of a large, powerful, and active Church, extending over both hemispheres, and numbering many millions of souls, he regards as but one of its consequences. "It exerted a profound and lasting impression upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation and even upon the course of its political history."

A SOMBRE BACKGROUND.

Born in 1703, and dying in 1791, the life of John Wesley runs parallel with the years of the eighteenth century, down to the final decade. Formalism, infidelity, and ungodliness then dominated the land. By evil example in high places, corrupt literature and vicious amusements, the nation had been demoralized and brutalized. An effete clergy had been for the most part smitten as if with paralysis. The spiritual torpor of the national Church is a matter of history. Bishop Burnet saw imminent ruin hanging over the Church. Voltaire resided for three years in England, a period coinciding with the formation of the Holy Club in Oxford. He thought from what he saw that the country was disgusted with Christianity.

"Never," says a writer in the *North British Review,* "has a century risen in Christian England so void of soul and faith as that which opened with Queen Anne and reached its misty noon beneath the second George; a dewless night succeeded by a dewless dawn. There was no freshness in the past, and no hope in the future. The Puritans were buried, the Methodists not yet born."

Of all the epochs in modern English history, one of the most stagnant and hopeless was that which marked the opening of the eighteenth century. The sombre period under consideration, as we gladly admit, had some redeeming features. It was mighty in Christian apologetics. But not the Phil-

osophy of Berkeley, the Analogy of Butler, nor the Evidences of Paley held in them any promise or potency for the regeneration of the nation.

A MAN SENT FROM GOD.

The darkest hour was just before the dawn. At the nation's sorest need, morally and spiritually, the Apostle of England began his soul-saving mission.

One of the best methods of studying history is to make ourselves acquainted with the lives of historic men; biographies and autobiographies. More of French history can be learned from French memoirs than from many standard histories of France. We believe in representative men. Luther represents the German Reformation of the sixteenth century, John Knox the Scottish Reform movement, while the name of John Wesley stands for the Evangelism of the eighteenth century in England. It is true that coadjutors share the honour of making such epochs, but one name has pre-eminence.

At the English Reformation Latimer represented the pulpit, a fearless preacher. Tyndall gave to the English people the Bible in their own tongue. But Cranmer, the ecclesiastical statesman, with the Book of Common Prayer in his hand, represents more than any other the religious movement of the sixteenth century; his mind reflecting much of the calm dignity so largely impressed on the national Church, and not less in his character the imperfections of compromise in that stately organization.

In the modern Anglican movement, sacerdotal in its type, with Apostolic Succession for its watchword, we accord recognition to many distinguished men; to John Keble as poet and saint, and to Dr. Pusey for organization, but John Henry Newman was its apologist and protagonist.

So in the great revival of the eighteenth century. It has many distinctive names: Whitefield, the impassioned pulpit orator; Charles Wesley, the unrivalled psalmist, and John Fletcher, the holiest of polemics. But John Wesley was preacher, theologian, evangelist, and writer of hymns, and he was more. He systematized everything he touched; having, as Macaulay said, a "genius for organization not inferior to that of Richelieu." Through the century we find the impress of his sane and orderly mind. To know what that revival movement was, to discern its formative and determining influences, its force of aggressive spiritualism, its conservative tendencies, and the splendid audacity and intensity of its impulses, and how and why it took shape and permanence as the world-wide Methodism of this twentieth century, we must study the life, the sermons, the journals, the correspondence, and the controversial publications of the man sent from God, John Wesley.

AN EPOCH.

Through Hebrew faith, Greek culture and Roman citizenship, St. Paul, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, became a chosen vessel unto the Lord and was qualified for his mission. In like manner John Wesley had an unconscious preparation for the work of evangelism which awaited him. Mental and moral fibre he owed largely to his mother, supreme among women, the beautiful and gifted Susannah Wesley, and Epworth Parsonage was a potent educational force of early life. At the University of Oxford he developed into ritualist and high churchman, and excessive rubrical zeal and ceremonialism thwarted much of earnest effort at the outset; but, in the end, it moulded him to habits of orderly worship and reverence for sacred

things. The salutary training of the Holy Club led to the adoption of prudential methods for the promotion of higher spiritual life. Fascinated for a time by the mysticism of William Law and the austere inculcations of Thomas a Kempis, an indirect influence and result of their teachings may have been the grave seriousness and serenity which became a characteristic of his ministry.

Going to Georgia in the spirit and purpose of Xavier, through the exactions and exigencies of missionary work in a new settlement, his rigid Anglicanism of the Laud school suffered utter breakdown, and he found himself alike powerless for the conversion of colonists and Indians. The mission to the ends of the earth shattered sacramentarianism, and as a needed discipline prepared his mind for the reception of evangelical truth. Through association with godly Moravians and the teachings of the German pastor, Peter Boehler, he began to grasp the Pauline idea of salvation by faith. Then came the crisis.

On the morning of May 24th, 1738, he awoke at five and opened the New Testament at the words, "There are given unto you exceeding great and precious promises." That day at St. Paul's he heard the anthem, "Out of the depths I have cried unto the Lord." In the evening, at a house in Aldersgate Street, about a quarter to nine, when some one was reading Luther's commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, he received a sense of the forgiveness of sins until then unknown. His own testimony to the assurance of faith was explicit: "I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt that I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sin, even mine."

As in the case of St. Paul and Martin Luther, this great experimental fact of conversion had in it the germ of revival movement. Over a course of flaming evangelism, otherwise inexplicable, this verity of spiritual experience threw the light of heavenly law. Here we find the starting-point and the central idea of Methodism—the necessity of conscious conversion, reconciliation with God through faith in Christ Jesus.

"It is scarcely an exaggeration," as declared by Lecky, "to say that the scene which took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and most active intellects of England is the true source of English Methodism."

In such a mood, John Wesley, with Whitefield and his brother Charles, sought fellowship with Moravians at Fetter Lane. As they continued instant in prayer until three in the morning, the power of God came mightily upon them. Silence was broken by an ascription of the Te Deum: "We praise Thee, O God." It was Pentecost indeed. Hearts glowed with sacred fire, and lips were touched with hallowed flame. As in the Apostolic Church, the revival movement of the century had its baptism of the Holy Ghost. Five days later a conference was held at Islington to consider methods of work. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and the conviction was strong that "God was about to do great things among them."

EVANGELICAL REVIVAL.

The movement began, so far as visible manifestation was concerned, with open-air preaching, in which Whitefield had the honour to lead the way. The proclamation of salvation by faith aroused antagonism, and in three days five churches were

closed against this preacher of righteousness, although an ordained clergyman. But he had the courage of his convictions. On the 17th of February he preached to two hundred colliers at Kingswood, on the brow of a hill. An irrepressible interest was aroused. Thousands thronged to the glad evangel. The passionate oratory of the preacher took the people by storm. John Wesley came into the field. On the second day of April, on an open ground near Bristol, he preached to three thousand people. He found the place where it was written: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." The theme was fitting and prophetic.

Look upon that man as he faces the motley crowd, for you shall never see his like again. Small in stature but of compact frame, agile and alert in all his movements, neat clerical garb, courteous, almost courtly manners, the penetrating glance of one born to command, a clear and somewhat ruddy complexion, a fine profile, long hair after the fashion of gentlemen of the time flowing down to his shoulders; with a quality of voice that moves men's souls. In its vibrant force, even at an advanced age, it thrilled to the outer margin of from twenty to thirty thousand people in the Gwennap Pit of Cornwall. We are in the presence of the greatest field preacher the world has ever seen.

But what apart from strong personality was Wesley's special equipment for preaching in the open air? He was a polished Oxford scholar, an accomplished linguist, and a piercing logic and incisive speech made him invincible in debate. As a Fellow of Lincoln College, or in the stateliness of cathedral service, he might be expected to do work of a high order. But it was a very different thing to confront the notorious Kingswood colliers. There was in his fine taste and tenacity of Anglican ideas a sense of repulsion, and he could scarcely reconcile himself to this strange way of preaching in the fields. Until now, he "should have thought the saving of souls a sin if it had not been done in church." But in Pauline spirit, with a renewed commission, he conferred not with flesh and blood.

An Edinburgh Reviewer says, that "from the moment he faced those eager crowds his soul awoke, ecclesiastical prejudices melted, the man overflowed the priest, and the master of the movement was felt to have come upon the field."

That marvellous ministry finds its crown in grand results. Souls are saved as at Pentecost. Fierce mobs are conquered, and masses of people are swayed by the influence of the preacher as standing corn by the breeze. The Word proclaimed comes with the force of a new message to rouse the nation from its stupor: "redemption through the blood of Christ, the forgiveness of sins through the riches of God's grace." The problem of reaching the masses and of rescuing a large part of the country from practical heathenism is now solved, and a new zeal becomes life and inspiration to churches long depressed by environment. Scriptural holiness spreads through the land, and the movement begins to take on a character of national magnitude and importance.

ORGANIZATION.

It is instructive to note in sequence at an initial stage the

facts and dates of Methodism as a polity and organization. We have the Pentecostal baptism at Fetter Lane Moravian meeting-house on the first day of January, 1739. Five days later followed the conference of five ministers to decide on methods of evangelical work. Wesley preached his first open-air sermon on the second of April. On the twelfth of May the foundation of the first erected place of worship was laid at Bristol. In October of the same year the first class-meeting was formed in London, and in similar societies through the land provision was made for New Testament fellowship.

"Upon reflection," says Wesley, "I could not but observe that this was the very thing which was from the beginning of Christianity." Societies began to be organized on an independent basis. Owing to the supineness and antipathy of the national clergy and their refusal to receive the multitudes of converts to communion, Wesley was compelled to administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to his own people; first at Bristol, then at London and elsewhere. Hymnody became a power in worship, and the joyous singing of hymns was popular with the people, often grander and more inspiring than the chants and choruses of cathedral service.

Wesley found helpers in the work; employed reluctantly at first, because of his tenacity for Anglican order and succession, but after all a return to ancient usages of the Christian Church. Thomas Maxfield, assuredly called of God, and John Nelson, the bravest of Englishmen, with a rare genius for evangelism and for quelling mobs, were but the first in a bright succession of preachers raised up in every part of the land. Thus was established that system of lay-preaching and preachers through which recruits for the ranks of the regular ministry have been supplied, and by which Methodism has been able to meet the spiritual needs of millions of her members and adherents.

Annual Conferences were organized, beginning with one which met in the "Foundery," June, 1744. Wesley was theologian as well as evangelist, and the first Conference conversations had to do with definitions of doctrine; justification by faith, sanctification, the witness of the Spirit, and other great doctrinal and experimental verities. At first the Conferences were mainly occupied with general review of the work of God, but gradually assumed legislative and executive functions, and gave much thought to statistical exhibits and to economic and disciplinary affairs. In fact, our Methodist Conferences and Ecumenical Councils are now amongst the greatest ecclesiastical meetings in Christendom.

LITERARY LABOURS.

In addition to incessant travel and the care of all the churches, Wesley did an amount of literary work which in itself would have sorely taxed the strength and resources of ordinary men. After his return from Georgia, he preached over forty thousand sermons, an average of fifteen a week. He had an enormous correspondence. In addition to translations and adaptations of books for the use of his people, in which he anticipated the cheap and popular literature of a later century, his standard "works," sermons, journals, letters, doctrinal expositions, controversial pamphlets and various treatises are published in fourteen volumes. New editions of the "Journals" are being announced by leading London publishers, and critics and scholars regard them as of unique and incomparable inter-

est, ranking amongst the choicest treasures of the literature to which they belong in any language; in reality a noble supplement to the Acts of the Apostles. The press is more potent than the artillery of kings, and Wesley used it for all it was worth. His publications fell "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa."

SEPARATION FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The churchmanship of Wesley is a vexed question. Unquestionably the design was that the revival movement of the century should be incorporated as a society in the national Church; as the followers of Ignatius Loyola formed a new order of the Church of Rome. But Anglican dignitaries were not wise in their generation. Had John Wesley risen in the Church of Rome, as Lord Macaulay believes, she would have thrown her arms around him, regarded him as the founder of a new order, and in time have given him the honours of canonization. He avowed his intention not to separate from the Church of England. But the logic of facts was too strong for mere sentiment and personal preference. As to heresy and schism, he could not find one text in the Bible "wherein schism signifies a separation from the Church."

After research and matured thought, he came to regard the assumption of apostolic succession as "a fable that none could prove." Whatever of sacerdotalism clung to him from habit and cherished traditions, by which his church life had been at first moulded, was in time dissolved, and melted away into holy evangelism. With epigrammatic force Dr. Rigg sets forth the process: Newman renounced justification by faith, clung to apostolical succession, and therefore he went to Rome; Wesley embraced justification by faith, and renounced apostolical succession, therefore his people are a separate people from the Church of England."

But we can afford to give the benefit of John Wesley's strongest statement to Canon Overton, Tractarians and others, who hold but do not corroborate an opposite view. In his honoured old age, revered through the land, Wesley was much flattered and caressed by the clergy. Churches in a few places were opened to him, two on one Sabbath, as noted at the close of his Journal. A notable sermon was preached towards the end of his ministry to which Anglicans of the Tractarian type do ample justice. He compared those of his preachers who, unauthorized by him, should presume to administer the sacraments, to Korah and his company. But surely the warning could not have been from a ritualistic and high-church standpoint. The matter was regarded as one of expediency, local and temporary in use and obligation; a course to be adopted under given circumstances.

What are the facts of the case? At the Conference of 1769 provision began to be made for the perpetuation of Methodism as a separate body. It was resolved "to observe and enforce the whole Methodist discipline laid down in the minutes of Conference."

The Anglican Prayer Book was abridged, its liturgy changed, and its articles reduced in number for permanent use in Methodist worship. He ordained certain of his preachers as presbyters for the administration of the sacraments, one of whom was sent out to Nova Scotia. Alexander Mather and Dr. Coke were ordained for the episcopacy, the latter of whom became the first Protestant bishop of the United States. Lord Mansfield de-

clared ordination to constitute separation.

Certain documents are of fundamental and decisive significance in relation to the subject under consideration. Fifty-three sermons were formulated into theological standards, not to be set aside. A Collection of Hymns was published a short time before Wesley's death to form a manual of devotion, and having all requisites for universal worship. A "Deed of Declaration" was enrolled in the High Court of Chancery, 1782, securing legal status and making provision for the perpetuation of Methodism, not to be modified except by Act of Parliament. Thus Wesley felt that he had put the work upon a foundation on which it was "likely to remain so long as the sun and moon endure;" or, as he anticipated, when laying the foundation of City Road Chapel, a Methodism that should remain "till the earth and all the works thereof are burnt up."

A TWENTIETH CENTURY TRIBUTE.

John Wesley closed his apostolic course in 1791. The end was triumphant. His dying utterance was caught up as the watchword of a sacramental host. Another century has rolled past, one hundred years of extraordinary progress, and we are well through the gateway of the twentieth century. We have reached a standpoint of clearer vision, and a better estimate of the Methodist movement. In a literary and philosophical essay, bound up with others in the same volume, published 1902, Augustine Birrell pays a fine tribute to John Wesley. He, like Mr. Asquith and other statesmen and scholars, expresses unstinted admiration for Wesley's Journals. He recognizes the Founder of Methodism as "the greatest force of the century in England. No one lived nearer the centre than John Wesley, neither Clive nor Pitt, neither Mansfield nor Johnson. You cannot cut him out of the national life. No single figure influenced so many lives, no other voice touched so many hearts. No other man did such a life's work in England."

SOCIAL STATUS.

In the last year of the century past, a prominent Methodist layman, Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., was interviewed by the London Argus, in regard to the social status of Methodism, and the facts elicited were published in more than one Metropolitan journal. Mr. Perks was asked "to compare the social position of Methodism in 1899 with the days when John Wesley was hounded by howling mobs on Kensington Commons." The Conference of British Methodism, meeting at City Road, an ecclesiastical assembly of which London papers could not but take cognizance, was regarded as in itself an answer to the inquiry. A glance at the list of titles held by lay representatives of the conference was enough to show what an advance had been made in the social position of Methodism. "There were," said Mr. Perks, "ex-Cabinet Ministers, many Members of Parliament, a whole galaxy of provicial mayors, with scores of county councillors and aldermen." Half a century ago Methodism had one only Member of Parliament, and, even after the lapse of another quarter of a century, there were only two such representatives. Now there were over twenty-five Members of the British Parliament connected with Methodist Churches. These facts are not adduced for the sake of parade, but as way-marks of social progress. Other data it is unnecessary to furnish. It is salutary to bear in mind, however, that ad-

vance in the attainment of political and social influence brings with it commensurate responsibility.

The Thanksgiving Fund of a million guineas has not been equalled by any other religious body in Great Britain.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

What of Methodism in relation to the future, and what guarantee have we that marches and successes shall be achieved and chronicled as in the glorious annals of the past? A community of thirty millions of people, communicants and adherents, as estimated by experts and reported at the London Ecumenical Conference, forms one of the largest Protestant denominations on the face of the globe. It must, if remaining true to its best traditions, hold in it glorious possibilities for the twentieth century.

With stimulus and inspiration of heroic memories great things ought to be attempted for God. We should seek to conserve apostolic doctrine, spiritual fellowship, missionary impulse, educational enterprise, true connexionalism and Christian socialism. Our pulpits should deal with themes that stimulate the conscience, satisfy the heart, and that glow as with celestial fire.

A memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey bears, in the immortal words of John Wesley, an inscription that incarnates the genius of onward movement, and could not well be duplicated: expressive of dependence upon God, "The best of all is, God is with us;" zeal for world-wide evangelization, "The world is my parish;" maintenance of succession, "God buries his workmen but carries on his work."

THE MODERN SAINT.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells;
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passioned book of deeds and days;
Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak;
Liberal and wise his gifts, he goes to school
To justice; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy; simple is his belief;
His creed, for mystic visions, do not scan;
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self nor self salvation is his care;
He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
To live in; and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned,
Dim figure halo-ringed, uncanny bright;
A modern saint! A man who treads earth's ground
And ministers to men with all his might.

—*Richard Burton.*

WESLEY'S JOURNAL.*

BY THE REV. PROFESSOR DANIEL M. GORDON, D.D.

I.

EARLY in the eighteenth century there was a man sent from God whose name was John Wesley, the instrument of the greatest revival of religion that has occurred since the Reformation. There are several biographies of him; but his own Journal, begun in College days and covering the whole period of his ministerial activity, is the treasure house from which his biographers have chiefly drawn their materials, being itself an unconscious autobiography, presenting the man to us with singular vividness in the charm of his lofty Christian character and in all the variety of his untiring and successful work. I would like to commend to all whom my words may reach this amazing record of ministerial activity, for not since the labours of St. Paul can I find such an example of unflagging enthusiasm in preaching the Gospel. There is much in his Journal that you may criticise, much from which you may differ. Experiences here recorded may be peculiar; views may be exaggerated; statements may be ill-balanced; but there is withal the vivid impression of that which eye hath not seen, so that, as you read, you feel afresh the reality of the supernatural, the touch of the spiritual and eternal.

Presbyterians and Methodists have too often stood apart. Yet they are at one in recognizing human freedom and unlimited atonement when pleading with men to accept salvation in Christ, and equally at one when they bow before God in prayer. Life is deeper and more comprehensive than logic. There must be broader truth, if we could only express it, that includes and harmonizes all that is true in Arminianism and in Calvinism; and it is along the line of Christian life and of earnest Christian service that we shall most likely win this wider grasp of truth. Along this line Presbyterians can join with Methodists in gratefully recognizing Wesley as one of the most eminent leaders of the Church of Christ.

Wesley was one of a family of nineteen children. His father, a clergyman of the Church of England, was rector of the parish of Epworth. His mother, who is often called the mother of Methodism, was a most attractive woman, of fervent piety, of keen intellect and of great common sense. Her consecrated spirit made their home a training school for Christian service, and it was her custom to spend some part of each week in private with each of her children speaking with them about their spiritual condition. While John was still a child the parsonage was destroyed by fire, and it was with difficulty that he was rescued. The incident made a permanent impression upon him, and his mother recognized in this deliverance, as she said, "a call to watch with particular care over a child whom God had spared in so much mercy." So strong was the religious bent of his young life that his father did not hesitate to admit him to communion when only eight years old.

* Inaugural Lecture. Session 1902-3 of the Presbyterian College, Halifax.

AT OXFORD.

Passing through Charterhouse School, he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, at seventeen, and was ordained a deacon in 1725, being then twenty-two years of age. He had been a brilliant student, and in 1726, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, an honour that not only brought him distinction but, what was important to the struggling son of a poor minister, placed him in a position of independence. For a little over a year he served as curate to his father, but, thinking that College work might give him more time and better opportunities for cultivating personal holiness, he returned to Oxford in November, 1729, and remained there as tutor for six years.

His Journal opens with a reference to this part of his life at Oxford. Although he had been somewhat careless about spiritual things while an undergraduate, he was by this time very much in earnest in making religion the serious business of life, and he drew to himself a few others like-minded, especially his own brother Charles, George Whitefield, who became the eminent preacher of the new revival, James Hervey, author of the well-known "Meditations," Benjamin Ingham and John Gambold. These formed a little society whose main object was the cultivation of personal holiness, relief of the sick and preaching to those in prison. Their acquaintances called them sneeringly the "Holy Club," for an effort of this kind at that time provoked only ridicule and scorn among College men. Sometimes they were called "Methodists," because they tried to live by rule and to attend punctiliously to the services of the Church.

Indeed, Wesley, like the other members of this little band, was at this time a whole-hearted ritualist. He had not yet passed into the freedom of the Gospel, the clear recognition that we are justified by faith in Christ, and the glad obedience of sonship. Religion was for him, at this stage, a matter of law rather than of love, the obedience of a servant rather than of a son ; and holiness was to be nourished not by loving trust and personal communion with Christ, but by the keeping of what was commanded, by the observance of rites and ceremonies and by the doing of certain appointed tasks. It was very much the spiritual condition of Paul before his personal acquaintance with Christ, and of Luther before his memorable experience upon the staircase at Rome ; and he tried at this time to solve the problems of the soul as, at a later day, Pusey and Newman tried, in that same Oxford, to attain holiness along the lines of ritualism and of their own self-denying services. He was ready, indeed, to spend himself to the uttermost in the pursuit of holiness, seeking it by means of fasting and prayers, by Church services and meditations, by self-sacrificing efforts for the good of others.

While he was living along these lines there came to him, in 1735, the request that he would go as missionary to the new colony of Georgia, in America. He agreed on condition that his mother would approve of the step, and she, always ready for self-sacrifice, said, "If I had twenty sons, I should rejoice that they were all so employed though I should never see them again."

GOES TO GEORGIA.

With his brother Charles, his college friend, Ingham, and a Mr. Delamotte, of London, he sailed for Georgia. In addition to about eighty English passengers, there were with them twenty-six Germans, chiefly Moravian missionaries. The most notable feature of

this journey was the effect produced on Wesley and his friends by their Moravian fellow passengers. Ingham and Delamotte were so largely influenced by them that, on their return to England, they connected themselves with the Moravian Brethren. Wesley was greatly moved by their freedom from the fear of death when the ship was in special danger, a freedom which he well knew he did not himself enjoy. His intimacy with them continued after landing at Savannah, where he was deeply impressed by the accounts of their spiritual experience, of conversion, of their confidence that Christ had saved them, of the conscious witness of the Holy Spirit. He was also profoundly affected by the simple and spiritual character of some of their services. He, who had been accustomed to stately ceremonial at Oxford, writes regarding the ordination of a Moravian bishop, "The great simplicity and solemnity of the whole almost made me forget the seventeen hundred years between and imagine myself in one of those assemblies where form was not, but Paul the tentmaker or Peter the fisherman presided, yet with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

So far as his own ministry in Georgia was concerned, although conducted with great earnestness it does not seem to have yielded much fruit. He held services in German and French, as well as in English. He even studied Italian and Spanish, that he might preach to those who understood only those languages. His own desire from the outset was to be a minister to the Indians, but the Governor used his influence to keep him in Savannah, and there his services, though multiplied and earnest, were marked by such extreme ritualism that all the Nonconformists and many members of the Church of England became antagonized. Opposition to him was increased through private influence. Friends of a young lady to whom he had shown some attention were annoyed that the intimacy did not ripen into marriage. Where the fault lay, if fault could be charged on either side, cannot now be determined, but, although the lady soon married another, her friends continued to oppose him. Thus, through public and private influence, Wesley's prospects of success in Georgia were so injured that he resolved to return to England, as his brother Charles had already done. His missionary labours had covered less than two years, but their chief result for himself had been that they had brought him into contact with the Moravian brethren.

During the return journey to England he reviews in his Journal his mission to America, and sees that he is far from possessing the peace and assurance of faith which he had found in his Moravian friends. He writes, "It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity, but what have I learned myself in the meantime? Why (what I the least of all suspected) that I, who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God." And yet there was some exaggeration in this judgment on himself, for, years afterwards, in the light of more mature experience, he adds, at this point in his Journal, "I am not sure of this; I had even then the faith of a servant though not of a son."

THE MORAVIANS.

Soon after his return to England, he went to London to confer with some of the Moravian Brethren. Here he met one of their missionaries, Peter Boehler, and Wesley refers to the day on which he made his acquaintance as "a day much

to be remembered." Through intercourse with Boehler, Wesley came to the conviction that he had not attained true and living faith, the "sure trust and confidence that a man hath in God, that through the merits of Christ his sins are forgiven and he reconciled to the favour of God." He prayed for this; he sought it diligently as one seeks for hid treasure; and at length the hour of his deliverance came. Referring to the 24th May, 1738, he says, "In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death." It is interesting to note that this light came into the soul of Wesley when listening to a comment of Luther's upon a letter of St. Paul, for, perhaps, no one since Luther passed through an experience more illustrative of the Apostle's transition from the works of the law to the freedom of faith than that which is recorded in this Journal. His brother Charles had but a short time before this been brought into the same conscious relation to Christ, and so also had their old friend, Whitefield, the three being thus prepared as instruments for the great revival that was soon to be wrought by their ministry.

Before entering upon any work in England, Wesley visited the Moravians at their headquarters in Germany, meeting with Count Zinzendorff, Christian David and others. "Here," he says, "I continually met with what I sought for, viz., living proofs of the power of faith, persons saved from inward as well as outward sin by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts and from all doubt and fear by the abiding witness of the Holy Ghost given unto them." Some of their teaching he did not even then approve of, and in later years he differed from them still more widely both on points of doctrine and of discipline; but he was always glad to acknowledge his obligation to the Moravian brethren, and he says, on leaving them, "I returned to England more fully determined to spend my life in testifying the Gospel of the grace of God."

CONDITION OF ENGLAND.

It was a time when his countrymen were sadly in need of such a message as Wesley was burning to proclaim. Historians, such as Lecky, Macaulay and Green, have pictured for us the England of the eighteenth century, and confirm the impressions given by the Journal of the conditions of Church and State. In the upper classes of society corruption and vice prevailed. Prominent statesmen were noted for their immorality, and Walpole expressed the current belief when he said that every man had his price. Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son were almost a hand-book in society, although he inculcates dissimulation as the most necessary of all accomplishments and instils into the young man all the principles of debauchery. To speak of religion would commonly raise a laugh. Bishop Butler in the Preface to his Analogy, writing in 1736, says, "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is now at length discovered to be fictitious, and accordingly they treat it as if in the present age this were an agreed point among all persons of discernment, and nothing remained but to set it up as a prin-

cipal subject of mirth and ridicule." Among the masses drunkenness prevailed to an excessive extent. Towards the middle of the century every sixth house in London was a gin-shop, and the public were invited to get drunk for a penny and dead drunk for two-pence. Crime was common, but the death penalty was attached to so many offences that it seemed as if the law held human life almost as lightly as did the murderers. Wesley found at one time in Newgate forty-seven criminals under sentence of death, of whom twenty were hanged on the same morning.

A SAVING REMNANT.

And yet there was a saving remnant in the nation. Although many of the clergy were lifeless, there were some, such as Wesley's own father, who earnestly tried to do their best for their parishes. In the ranks both of the Established Church and of the Nonconformists there were, especially among the great middle classes, those who cherished the spirit of the Puritans and who "waited for the consolation of Israel." As illustration of this, there were at this time in London and elsewhere a number of societies that had been founded half a century earlier for the pursuit of holiness, the suppression of vice and the welfare of the young and of the needy. Although these societies had, for the most part, shrunk into feebleness, yet they afforded a starting-point for Wesley to touch the spiritual life of the Church, as he could address these when pulpits were denied him.

Wesley considered it his main duty to arouse the spirit of religion in as many parishes as possible by preaching the Gospel of the grace of God as he now understood it, and by calling men to accept and to realize their forgiveness in Christ. His brother and Whitefield were associated with him in the work, each of them being, like himself, a minister of the Established Church. His idea, from the outset, was to work within the lines of the Church of England, and to the very last he regarded himself as a faithful member and minister of that Church. At first he was allowed to preach in some of the pulpits of the Church. He claimed that his views were in perfect harmony with the "fundamental doctrines of the Church, clearly laid down both in her Prayers, Articles and Homilies," but the bold way in which he set forth justification by faith aroused hostility on almost every hand, until he found that one sermon was usually sufficient to close a pulpit against him.

FIELD PREACHING.

With the pulpits closed against him, with no houses of worship yet erected, and scarcely any halls available, his only way of reaching his fellow countrymen seemed to be to meet them in the open air. Field preaching has become common enough since then; many ministers of the Church of England, such as the present Bishop of London, have often availed themselves of it; but at that time it was practically unknown, and to Wesley himself it was at first repugnant. "I could scarcely reconcile myself at first," he says, "to this strange way of preaching in the fields, having been all my life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order that I should have thought the saving of souls almost a sin if it had not been done in Church." It was Whitefield who led the way in this new departure, his first open-air address being to the colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol, where his audience increased from two hundred to twenty thousand, the silent tears often tracing their course down the grimy cheeks of his hearers. So great was Whitefield's success that Wesley soon followed his example.

On the 2nd April, 1739, he

preached his first open-air sermon near Bristol to about three thousand people, and he continued the practice for over fifty years.

There are scenes where such preaching may be both delightful and impressive. The open-air services once common at our Communion seasons, the Church parades of a regiment out on campaign, the camp-meetings still familiar to our Methodist friends, these may recall memories both pleasant and solemn, especially when time and place could be selected to suit the worshippers. But Wesley's experience was probably unequalled in this field. Not merely on meadow, on hillside, or in churchyard, but in some open space within a town, on the wharves of a seaport, in the yard of an inn, or on a village green, wherever he could gather an audience he was ready and anxious to preach the Gospel. This was to him both duty and delight. Dust and wind, heat and cold, sunshine and rain, he met them all in turn, but thought little of them; and the marvel is that the multitudes who thronged to hear him showed the same indifference to the weather. They gathered at all hours to hear him. Usually he began with a service at five o'clock in the morning so that he might catch the labourers on their way to work, and then he resumed in forenoon, afternoon or evening, as opportunity offered. So great a value did he set upon this practice that he said, "If field preaching is laid aside, I expect the whole work will gradually die away."

When some of the clergy took him to task for preaching in their parishes without their permission, he answered, "My business on earth is to do what good I can. As to my preaching here, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me, and woe is it to me if I preach not the Gospel wherever I am in this habitable world. Being ordained a priest, I am a priest of the Church universal, and being ordained a Fellow of a College I was not limited to any particular cure, but have an indeterminate commission to preach the Word of God in any part of the Church of England." Again he says, "I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far, I mean, that, in whatever part I am, I judge it meet, right and my bounden duty to declare unto all that are willing to hear the glad tidings of salvation."

But it was not so much the open-air preaching that provoked opposition. It was his way of preaching

SALVATION BY FAITH.

His appeals for immediate conversions, his teaching that men might know their sins were forgiven and that from this platform of acceptance in Christ they might go on unto perfection. When men objected to such teaching Wesley answered not only by appealing to Scripture and to the standards of the Church of England, but by appealing to the facts of daily life. "I have seen," he says, "as far as a thing of this kind can be seen, very many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of fear, horror, despair, to the spirit of love, joy, peace; and from sinful desire, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. I will show you him that was till then a lion and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard and is now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was who now abhors the very garment spotted by the flesh. These are now living arguments for what I assert." And, indeed, to that kind of argument there is no reply. It is the triumphant answer of the Church in all ages, the supreme evidence of her spiritual, supernatural, Divine commission and equipment.

METHODIST MISSIONS IN INDIA.

OVERLOOKING HUGLI RIVER AND SHIPPING FROM INTERIOR OF FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA.

The city has a population of 870,000. The fort was built at a cost of $10,000,000. It contains an arsenal, armoury of 80,000 rifles, great barracks, fine officers quarters and a handsome church.

IT is often that the most graceful touches of beauty in a landscape are revealed only as we get farther and farther from the scene. Things then appear in their right relation to other things. The scrubby hemlock, that blurred your vision when you stood beside it, takes its proper place beneath the giant pine. As with landscapes so with nations. To know one's country one should live for a while in other countries and see her with other nations' eyes. It is easy to grow up in China and believe her to be the Celestial Kingdom. The test comes when one gets beyond its great wall.

So with the whole giant structure of Christendom. Christendom! It is probable none of us ever comprehend that word till we stand with our feet on heathen soil. So it often happens that in the dark recesses of heathendom, men in the front of the ranks often catch the first faint foregleams of great events toward which civilization makes its way. Take, for example, the federation of the churches which is absorbing so much attention to-day. It is no new thing to the missionaries in their outlying posts. They caught the vision of it long before we were awake.

So with Butler, the founder of the American Methodist Mission in India. A refugee among the peaks of the Himalayas, with the Sepoy rebellion raging below, a land of massacre and bloodshed, of pillage and flames, William Butler looked down upon the land with a faith in God undaunted, and saw out of all this turmoil the emerging of the Christian India of the future. He beheld, too, a

vision of England's greatness as seen from Indian shores. He could view her power from afar off; he could compare it with the greatness of the land around him. For India, too, has her greatness. India, land of fabled wealth and mystic's dreams, land of the pagoda, bazaar, the jungle, and of snow-crested hills!

The story of William Butler's experiences in this land reads with a romance that makes tales of fictitious adventure seem flat and insipid in comparison. The work

INTERIOR OF FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, WITH BARRACKS, CHURCH, ETC.

is a real contribution to literature. One might search long to find a story of the Indian Mutiny that impresses the mind more forcefully than this story of Butler's.

The man himself seems to have had a remarkably cosmopolitan life. Born in Dublin in 1818, he came, however, of a family of English descent, and it was while on a short visit to England he preached his first sermon. Shortly after he was led to the United States, and soon came the call to found a mission in India, and in later years to found another in Mexico. Thus Ireland, England, America, Mexico and India can each in some sense claim him as their own.

In 1852 the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, recognizing India as the leading mission field of the world, made an appeal for a volunteer to go as superintendent, select the field, and lay plans for mission work. With his characteristic humility Dr. Butler waited long for a better man to appear, but when none came he offered himself.

In less than a year, with his devoted wife and their two youngest children, he was sailing for India, where he was to lay broad and deep the foundations for a new mission. Dr. Duff, the founder of the Presbyterian missions in India, had set forth with a similar purpose in 1830. He had been shipwrecked, escaping barely with life, only to be shipwrecked a second time off Mauritius. The first Superintendent of the Wesleyan Mission had died on the outgoing voyage, but Harvard, William Arthur, and other pioneers had won great success, and now Dr. Butler was setting forth with eyes that were veiled in mercy from

the struggle before him. The long and difficult journey in the days before the construction of the Suez Canal has already been described in his book, "From Boston to Bareilly." It was a journey into a land of three hundred and thirty million gods, among whom there is none of love and mercy toward men; a land of belief in transmigration, with its possibility of eight million successive births. As they sing in one of their own sad songs:

INDIAN WATER-CARRIER.
The water is contained in huge receptacles made of the hide of goat or cow.

"How many births are past I cannot tell;
How many yet to come I cannot say;
But this alone I know, and know full well,
That pain and grief embitter all the way!"

Dr. and Mrs. Butler witnessed among their first impressions of India one of the processions in honour of the horrible goddess Kali. Of this terrible creature the Purana states: "By the blood of a crocodile the goddess will be pleased three months, by that of a tiger for a hundred years; the blood of a lion or a man will delight her appetite for a thousand years, while by the blood of three men slain in sacrifice she is pleased a hundred thousand years." The followers of this cruel goddess were the terrible Thugs, who made it their custom to seize unprotected travellers and strangle them for a sacrifice at her shrine.

The three faiths of southern Asia have each failed to bring either hope, love, or mercy to these benighted millions. Hinduism has offered the escape from evil transmigration and the reaching of Maya—illusion—as the reward of virtue. Buddhism holds forth Nirvana, the extinction of all desire, as the final object of life. Mohammedanism urges the acceptance of Kismet or fate. Of its god, Allah, the Koran itself states that he took a lump of clay, and dividing it into

A NATIVE WELL, INDIA—DRAWING WATER.

two parts, threw one half into hell, saying: "These to eternal fire, and I care not;" and tossing the other half upward: "These to paradise, and I care not."

It was the province of Oudh, one of the strongholds of this Mohammedan faith, that Dr. Butler took for his field of labour. Its population was four times that of New England, though in area it was not so large. It contained seven hundred large towns and cities, of which Lucknow, the capital, had three times the population of Boston. The province throughout gave evidences of peculiar difficulties, with its many shrines, and its pilgrimages of hundreds of thousands of worshippers every year. This province he chose as a field worthy of the efforts of Methodism, little deeming that the red hand of war was to open wide the door of opportunity before him.

Unable to find property adapted to his purpose at Lucknow, he moved on. At Bareilly a suitable property was purchased. Soon rumours of unrest among the native forces reached their ears. The Presbyterian missionaries at Futtyghur wrote begging the Methodist missionaries to join them, as they were preparing for flight to Calcutta. Dr. Butler, however, was unwilling to leave his post. On May 11th news of the outbreak of mutiny at Meerut was brought them, and three days later Colonel Troup came to urge their flight to a place of safety, from which they could return when peace was restored. Naini Tal, a beautiful Himalayan village, was selected as their refuge. Strongly fortified by nature, it was doubly safe because the mountain people had no dealings with the people of the plains and there was therefore little danger of their joining them in the mutiny.

THE FAMOUS "RESIDENCY," LUCKNOW.
"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

In the darkness of the following Sunday night the little company prepared to leave Bareilly. Here is recorded another of those wonderful deliverances that make one realize God is still as near His chil-

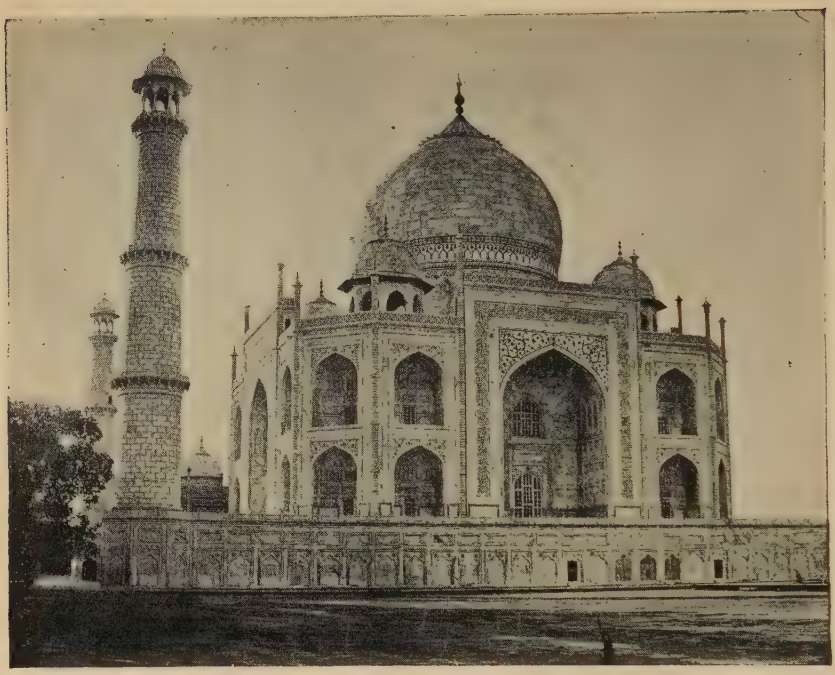
dren as in apostolic days. We cannot do better than quote from Dr. Butler's biography:

"The first part of the road was quickly passed, but on the second day, about midnight, in the heart of the jungle which must be traversed in order to reach the foothills, the bearers put down their burdens and deserted. There were the fugitives, in this malarial region, with no possible way of proceeding; stranded in a jungle

THE FAMOUS CASHMERE GATE, DELHI.

full of beasts of prey. The nearest village was twelve miles away. The Superintendent wrote of the situation: 'It was an awful time, and for a few moments my agony was unutterable. I thought I had done all I could, and now everything was on the brink of failure! How vain was the help of man! I turned aside into the jungle and, taking off my hat, lifted my heart to God. If ever I prayed I prayed then! I besought God in mercy to influence the minds of these men. I reminded Him of the mercies that had hitherto followed us. My prayer did not last two minutes, but how much I prayed in that time! I returned to the light and looked. Without a word from me the men bent to their burden and started.'"

At three o'clock in the morning the fugitives reached their destination in the beautiful mountain village. Of what followed by the end of the week we quote from this fascinating book: "On Sunday, May 31, Joel, the faithful interpreter, preached at Bareilly to the people on the text, 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' During the closing prayer the guns opened fire and the awful slaughter began. The rebels went to the mission premises, and set fire to the house. Miss Maria Bolst, the first woman member of the mission, was



THE TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

beheaded by a Sepoy. Fully one half of those who had attended the services were murdered, in some cases with great cruelty."

The atrocities were terrible beyond conception. To add to the daily horrors the mutineers liberated the prisoners from the gaols and the bloodthirsty Thugs wreaked their direst rage. Every missionary in that part of India perished save these two newly-arrived workers. One of the most heart-rending tales is that of the horrible massacre of Cawnpore. Even the soldiers of the treacherous Nana Sahib revolted at this deed of blood, and he had to order in the butchers of the bazaar to slaughter the women and little ones in his care. The bodies of the victims were thrown into a well, over which a graceful memorial building has now been placed.

Meanwhile the refugees at Naini Tal were organized into a militia company, every one, Dr. Butler included, bearing a weapon of defence, to protect the helpless women and children in their care. The narrow, zig-zag path up the mountain to Naini Tal was cut away by the defenders, so that in places only two could walk abreast, and great rocks were placed so that they could be hurled down on any invader. A cannon was so placed as to command the road. By these means this little band of Christian men were able to repulse the attacks of thousands of mutineers during the five assaults that were made upon them.

The difference in race between the hill people and the people of the plains, and the fidelity of the Nawab of Rampur also added much to their safety. The villagers informed them they were the last Christians left in India; that from

Naini Tal to the sea every white man had been killed. For ten months Dr. Butler was so lost to the world that Dr. Duff published his obituary, for the appreciative words of which its subject had an opportunity of thanking the writer years later at his own table.

Province of Nepaul to join the mutineers, but the Prime Minister, Sir Jung Bahadur, sent back the mysterious reply: "I have seen Portsmouth." What did it mean? It meant that this same Prime Minister had visited England and had been shown the naval arsenal, the

MEMORIAL WELL, CAWNPORE.

One of the things that most distressed Dr. Butler was the burning of his valuable library, which he had been years collecting. But the heart of the missionary never failed. The idea of aught else than victory for the cross in India had no place in his mind. One incident impressed him deeply. The Emperor of Delhi had asked the

greatest storehouse of munitions of war in the world. He understood well that a nation with a supply like this could not but be victorious in the end.

Through months of dire suspense the little band of refugees awaited the news of the fall of Delhi. At last one day the roar of cannon startled them to arms, only to lay

them down gladly again as they recognized the "royal twenty-one" booming over the hills. Delhi had fallen! It was a death-blow to the enemies of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now the missionaries began their eighteen days' journey to the fallen city, over mountains, along precipices, across rivers. One of the worst difficulties was crossing the Ganges on a swaying bridge of grass-ropes. It consisted of two ropes to be grasped by the hands, and two below on which bamboos were tied for a foot-path.

A RAJAH'S PRIVATE DWELLING, INDIA.

At nightfall they entered the city

of Delhi to find the proud princes of the Mogul line on trial for their lives. The hand of Britain ruled. The streets were quiet and orderly even by night. The palace grounds were deserted; the bazaars were empty; the very aspect of the people betokened a change.

A few days later Dr. and Mrs. Butler stood listening to the trial of the Nawab of Bullubghur. Weary, and finding no seats provided, they looked up at the Crystal Throne of the Emperor now on trial. The throne and its master were at a discount. And

AN INDIAN COLLEGE CLASS.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA BY BULLOCK-CART.

without protest or molestation these two missionaries sat down to rest upon the throne of the Great Mogul.

Sitting there Dr. Butler sketched an appeal to America to provide the funds necessary to meet the new demands. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." He foresaw the famine that would follow in the steps of rebellion, and heard the cry of the destitute. Here was a way to the hearts of India's women, to take little orphan girls and rear them in the faith of Jesus Christ, then send them with His message to their fettered sisters. The next day the Director of Public Instruction encouraged him by the promise of a fifty per cent. grant-in-aid toward the support of all the orphans he would take. Thus the sword had carved a way for the cross. These little ones were received by the missionaries with grateful hearts.

The two missionaries who were sent out from the United States, but whose coming was delayed by the Mutiny, now reached Agra. As few European residences had been left standing, Dr. Butler arranged for them to meet him in the Taj Mahal, which is without doubt the most beautiful building in the world.

"With minarets of marble rising stately from the sea
Of the dark-leaved mango's foliage, streaked by the jaman tree,
One miracle of whiteness the Taj of Agra stands,
Like no work of human builders, but a care of angel hands."

Strange that in the land of woman's degradation should be this most beautiful tribute of love ever paid to the memory of a woman. It was erected at a cost now equivalent to sixty million dollars, by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in

CARVED STONE WINDOW.

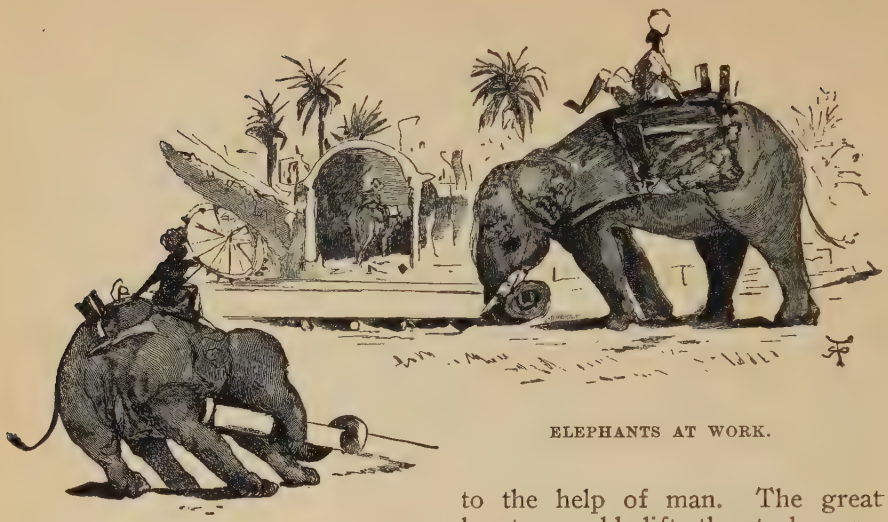
The delicacy of the carving of the Taj Mahal may be observed in the exquisite alabaster tracery shown in this cut.

memory of his Empress, Nourmahal. Around her tomb the missionaries sang the doxology.

Far different was the first place of worship of the Methodist Church in India. It was an old sheep-house, which the three preachers laboured to remodel into a chapel. The total expense amounted to four dollars and thirty-six cents.

But Dr. Butler was yet to see the day of great things. So content were the natives under British rule that they even learned to account for it by saying they had received a revelation from Shiva saying the European invasion was nothing more than an incarnation of himself to prevent their cutting their own throats. Dr. Butler took advantage of the sentiment in British favour by asking a reinforcement of twenty-four missionaries. This large demand was in a large measure answered. For homes for these new recruits he undertook to raise the funds in India, and during the next ten years he had the satisfaction of seeing one hundred thousand dollars contributed by friends of various denominations in India who saw the good work of the Methodist Mission. An orphanage for boys was established at Lucknow, and one for girls at Bareilly. A publishing house was also established. In the peace that followed the Mutiny, not only were the spears turned into pruning-hooks, but the cannon were turned into printing machinery, for the first press was made from a cannon taken from the Sepoys. It is still in occasional use after a lapse of forty years.

But greater than the joy of the missionaries in this material growth was their joy when, in the year 1859, in response to Dr. Humphrey's experience as told in the streets of Bareilly, a fine scholarly Mohammedan was converted to



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

God. His sacrifices for the cause of Christ prove that India is well worthy the spending of our best energies.

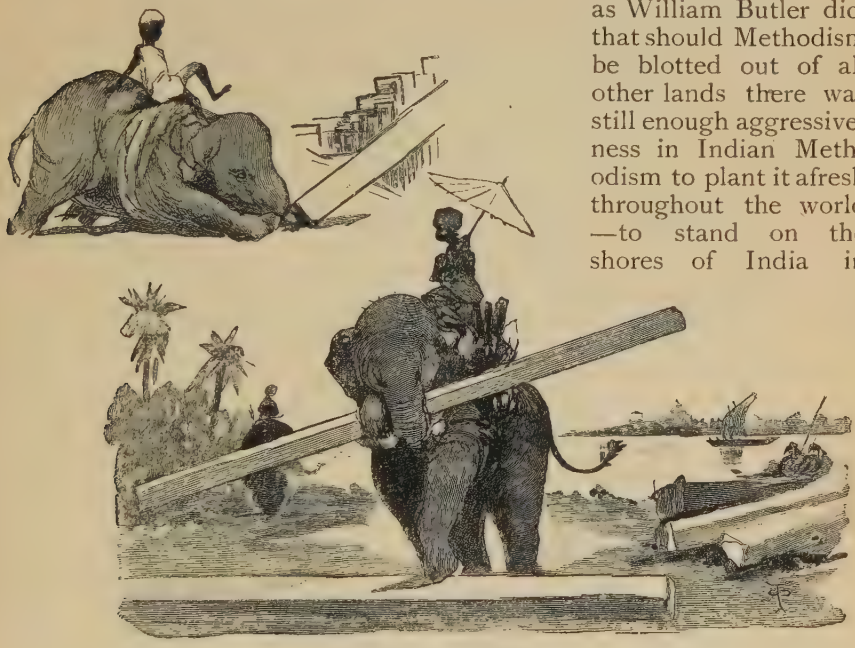
It was only the splendid constitution of Dr. Butler that enabled him to endure the fatigue of the long and frequent journeys that his work entailed. But finally, in 1864, while at Calcutta, he suffered from an attack of cholera which so impaired his vitality as to make change and rest imperative. He then took a trip to Burmah and visited the scenes hallowed by the memories of Dr. Judson and his gifted wife. One of his unique experiences here was the visit to the service of the Karens in the heart of the Burmese forest, whence they journeyed in a queer sort of sled drawn by elephants, through rivers and over the hills and across the pathless hummocky rice-fields.

"At Maulmain the celebrated sawmills were visited, where the intelligent elephants were stacking huge teak logs in even piles. No wonder that the Hindus place the head of an elephant on the figure of their god of wisdom, for of all animals these are the most sagacious and capable of being trained to the help of man. The great beasts would lift the teak, carefully watch the heavy timber to see if it were nicely balanced, then, walking off to the place where the logs were being piled, adjust each in its place with a nicety hardly excelled by human intelligence."

Dr. Butler's impaired health, and the fact that the mission was now on so firm a footing, made it advisable for him to return to America, but it was not till he had crossed the Ganges and enlarged the boundaries of his mission till Methodism has now no limit in India. For the one convert he first saw there are now one hundred thousand Methodists in India. It were not fitting to close this article without a tribute to his devoted wife, who shared all his perils and privations without murmur or complaint. Fleeing by night to Naini Tal, changing her home eighteen times in seven years, living in tents and hovels, ministering alone to the wants of her dying child, she indeed proved an heroic helpmeet to one who laboured abundantly for the kingdom of God.

Some eighteen years later it was permitted this "Father and Mother of the Mission" to revisit the scenes

of their labours and find a welcome written in three languages waving on the flags of the seminary of Bareilly. To see on every hand evidences of the conquering march of the cross and the British flag—instead of the lumbering ox-cart to find the well-equipped railways, splendid military roads and bridges,—instead of the sheep-house chapel to find a fine stone church,—but better far than all to hear the hosannas on the lips of the thousands and tens of thousands of native Christians—to hear their testimonies to the saving grace of Jesus Christ—to realize then, as William Butler did, that should Methodism be blotted out of all other lands there was still enough aggressiveness in Indian Methodism to plant it afresh throughout the world—to stand on the shores of India in spite of the work still to be done there, and see and realize these things as the harvest of one's seed-sowing; this must surely be as nearly a taste of heaven as is ever vouchsafed to men.



ELEPHANTS AT WORK.

CAMEL CARRIAGE.

STATUE OF THOMAS H. GALLAUDET, LL.D.

LIFE IN THE DEAF AND DUMB WORLD.

BY GILSON WILLETS.

THE eighty-first anniversary of the founding of the School of Deaf-Mutes in Hartford, Conn., the first in the country, was recently celebrated with a dinner given by deaf-mutes at a famous New York restaurant. The dinner was also in honour of the founder of the school, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and of his son, Dr. Edward Miner Gallaudet, now president of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Washington, the only college of the kind in the world. The dinner was graced by many lady members of the alumnæ association, and this circumstance lent added brilliancy to the flashes of witty silence, which were more than golden on this occasion. The turn of a head was eloquent, and white fingers snapping out swift repartee made spoken thought dull by comparison. When coffee was served, the chairman did not rap for order, to indicate the approach of the feast of reason. With a single impressive gesture he commanded a pause in the flow of conversation of signs. In an instant all movement ceased around the table, while the chairman began an elaborate review of the services of the men they were assembled to honour. His voiceless speech excited much enthusiasm, only the cheers were given noiselessly, and the appreciation of the finer points made by the orator were expressed by ardent gestures and hand-clapping that accentuated the charm of silence. Dr. Gallaudet spoke of methods of education of deaf-mutes with fingers so expressive that even the uninitiated were almost able to follow him. L. M. De Griollet, son of a former mayor of Paris, made one of the sign speeches of the evening. He flung eloquent phrases from his fingers in a torrent, and was most happy, he said, to note the progress which had been made in the methods of instruction of deaf-mutes. Mr. Griollet is himself a deaf-mute.

Having presented deaf-mutes conversing in sign-language, let me introduce a scene wherein the deaf-mutes conversed in what is known as lip-language. Early in the summer of 1898, a professor was mur-

* The most advanced methods of instruction of deaf-mutes and blind, as described in this article, are observed in our Canadian institutions at Belleville and Ottawa ; but the detailed account of the methods developed under the teaching of Dr. Gallaudet, which we reprint from the Chautauquan will, we are sure, be read with wide interest. —Ed.

dered in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Many people, out of sheer curiosity, went to the court-room to be present at the examination of the mutes who were arrested in connection with the case. Their curiosity was well rewarded, for where they expected to see the mutes make signs and gestures to convey meaning, they saw persons who had from birth been deaf, and had never heard the sound of a human voice, speaking and seeming to hear all that was said to them. The idea prevailed that deaf-mutes always conduct conversations in the sign-language. This was shown, in the court, to be a most incorrect idea; for the eyes of the deaf-mutes took the place of their ears, and by merely watching the lips of those who spoke to them the mutes understood the words with a rapidity that was more than astonishing. There was great surprise, not only among the curious who had gone to the court, but on the part of the judge, when it was understood that the sign-language was absolutely prohibited in the institution where the murder was committed.

A professor of the institution acted as interpreter when the first witness was called. The first question the magistrate desired to ask was, "Did you see the boys in line marching to the class-room?" The professor looked at the witness and repeated the question in a natural tone and manner, and added to the sentence, "Repeat what I have said." Before the sound of his voice had died away the witness repeated the words, and then, after a moment's hesitation, continued, "I did, sir." Astonishment was evident on every side. The witness had certainly not heard the words addressed to him, and there was a peculiarity of his speech that showed plainly enough that he did not hear what he himself said. The words came from his mouth in a dull guttural monotone, seemingly pumped from his chest with the utmost effort. And all through that first examination and those which followed, all the mutes who were called read the lips of the interpreter, repeated the question, and answered as readily as though they had had their hearing.

These two scenes illustrate the two ways in which deaf-mutes in all parts of the world converse: First, the manual method, founded by the Abbe de l'Epee in France in 1760, based on a free use of the natural language of the deaf-mute, that of pantomimic gestures. And second, the oral method, founded the same year by Samuel Heinicke in Germany, which has for its principal aim the development of the power of speech, and the training of the eye of the mute to perform the part of the palsied ear, by discerning the meaning of spoken words from the changes of position of the vocal organs.

Sign-language required no inventiveness, since the deaf themselves had been found to resort to it. We all resort to it. Men naturally employ signs, gestures, facial expression, elocutionary auxiliaries to the uttered word. All that was needed, then, was to formulate a manual alphabet and the system was ready. The system itself, in the hands of enlightened experts, has made rapid strides. Any one witnessing the exercise of a class of bright deaf-mute girls, reproducing a dialogue, a character impersonation, a hymn or prayer, will be fascinated by their grace and vivacity, by the fineness of perception and the more than Delsartian dramatic elegance of execution, which they pour into their pliant faces and forms. A strange service is held every Sunday in St. Ann's Church in New York. Not a sound is heard. Sermons in the

sign-language are not novelties there, but not long ago a surprise for the congregation was prepared. Four young women, gowned in white, took places just outside the chancel-rail and the preacher told the congregation that they would try to convey to them, by means of the sign-language, the rhythm and words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee." All of the women were deaf-mutes. With rapidly moving fingers they spelled out the song to the congregation, and when the chorus was reached all in the church rose to their feet and in unison took up the words of the anthem. And yet the church, all the while, was perfectly silent.

On Sunday afternoons, from different institutions in and around New York, men void of speech and words gather in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. To one who inadvertently ventures into those corridors there will be presented a strange sight. Little groups of deaf-mutes, totally unconscious of the intrusion, will be seen talking to one another by means of the finger alphabet. Voiceless arguments are carried on, for hours at a time, with wordless replies. It seems as though a pantomime or a marionette rehearsal were in progress.

The term deaf-mute or deaf and dumb is a misnomer, or at least inaccurate and misleading. The impression conveyed by it is that deafness and muteness are co-ordinate, that a person is mute from a cause similar to that of his deafness. In other words, that his vocal organs have been impaired together with his organs of hearing. This is the popular belief. It is now known to be true in certain cases only. The same disease or pre-natal cause that destroys the auditory nerve may also affect the larynx or its appendages, although it is seldom found to have done so. On the contrary, people are mute simply because they, from lack of hearing, have never learned to speak, but not always because of organic disability.

Now, if the deaf can really talk, why not, argues the advocate of the oral school, enable them to talk and to do away with the sign-language? Why not supply them with a lip-language? This seemed a distinctly new opening for the narrowed, imprisoned world of deaf-mutes, and as such their instructors were quick to lay hold of it. Articulation is now a part of the work in almost every institution. Prof. Alexander Melville Bell is the author of a system of "Visible Speech" consisting of charts, interpreting by a symbolic alphabet a phonetic combination for analyzing the mechanism of the human speech. To those who have paid little thought to the subject of lip-reading, however, it does not seem such a wonderful thing. But let any one who thinks in this way stand before a looking-glass and pronounce the words "mother" and "butter." It will be observed that the position of the lips in uttering these words is identical. There are thousands of words where the position of the lips is the same in this way, such as "man," "pad," "pan," "bat," "mad." How, then, is it possible to teach the deaf-mute to distinguish such words and to sound them himself? There are many other words, such as the sound of "m," for instance, where the deaf-mute may see that the lips are closed, and that is all he knows.

In order that the deaf-mute may understand the ordinary utterance and speak naturally himself, he must be taught the words without any special effort on the part of the teacher. While the instructor must speak as distinctly as possible, he cannot pay especial attention to forming his lips properly,

for if he did, the mute would never be able to understand the ordinary person who spoke to him and who takes not the slightest care of the position of his lips. It must also be remembered that in ordinary conversation the words are not spoken distinctly and separately, but in groups. For example, we never say, "Here-is-your-hat," but always, "Hereisyourhat." These are a few of the many difficulties which surround the teaching of mutes to read the lips.

The age at which it is advisable to have a deaf-mute begin the study of lip-reading is eight years. But there is no limit to the age at which one may begin the study. With persons who have been deaf from birth, the teaching is begun by the instructor, who sits with his face to the light and his mouth on a level with the pupil's eyes, at a distance of about three feet. When the attention of the pupil has been fixed on the mouth of the teacher, the latter, omitting all exaggeration, pronounces some small word slowly and distinctly. Then the pupil is required to repeat the word. If he does not succeed the teacher places the back of the pupil's hand close before his mouth and lets him feel the breath as it comes from his lips when he speaks. If the pupil still fails to imitate, the teacher places one of his hands on his chest to feel the vibration caused by the sound of his voice.

During the first attempts at articulation, the pupil is apt to speak either too high or too low, or in a nasal tone. Pupils of average intelligence generally succeed after a few attempts in imitating some of the simple words. Occasionally is found one who either through not understanding or for some other reason will not use his voice. When asked to repeat a word he will move his lips exactly as the teacher does, but will not produce a sound, or will say the word in a whisper. Such a child, however, will use his voice involuntarily on occasions of intense surprise or great joy or when pain is felt. The instructor has to watch his opportunity and whenever the pupil uses his voice in this way he tries to induce him to repeat the process, at the same time making him place his hand on his own chest and throat, so that he may become aware of the vibration. A deaf person who is familiar with the language usually finds less difficulty in reading whole sentences from the lips of an instructor than a single word, because if he misses a few of the leading words he can supply them by guessing.

In case of a person who has lost the sense of hearing, after having learned to speak, but cannot read or write, the manner of instruction is different. The teacher points successively to several objects at hand, the names of which are formed differently on the lips, such as a book or a picture or a desk. The instructor names these while the pupil watches his lips. The pupil is then requested to repeat what is said. He succeeds after a few trials. Next the names of these things are pronounced promiscuously, and the pupil is again asked to repeat them as they are called off. If he fails, the teacher points to the objects.

Do deaf-mutes prefer the lip-language? No. The fact is that the moment they are released from an oral lesson they take to the sign-language as ducks do to the water. The oral doctrinaire says: Take the sign language away from them. Well, you can take water away from the ducks, but you will have very unhappy ducks to contend with. Even in the few ostensibly "pure oral" schools, it is noticed that the unhappy pupils take to the sign-language as schoolboys and

girls take to novels and tarts after recitations. If they had never learned the manual alphabet, they would invent one. Learning to speak without hearing is at best a curious accomplishment. Deaf-mutes are shy to use it in their intercourse with strangers. They prefer writing.

If we reflect upon the number of labials and linguals and how many sounds are formed in the interior of the mouth, it will be easy to note what a precarious foundation there is for lip-reading. Sermons, lectures, all kinds of public discourses are at once eliminated along with the sign-language. The writer has seen a principal offering grace—in the sign-language—at dinner in a great dining-hall filled with four hundred or more children and watched the devout, intelligent looks of their faces, closely following the words of their teacher. Had the prayer been oral, only a dozen seated near him would have understood. It is not surprising that many intelligent deaf-mutes, who speak fairly well, should say that their speech was of small practical service to them outside of their own families.

At present the combined or eclectic system, as advocated by Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, is recognized by the leading institutions of Europe and the United States, as the standard method of instruction for the deaf and dumb. At the same time it will be seen that schools for these afflicted ones are of three kinds: those that teach by means of the sign-language only, those that use only the oral method, and those that have adopted the combined system. The purely oral schools, the first of which were established thirty years ago, have not become numerous. Out of the fifty-five public schools of the country, only five sustain the purely oral method, and these five contain but 567 pupils out of 10,000 in all the public schools. But speech is taught in every one of the other schools, in connection with a greater or less use of the manual method. In the fifty public schools in which a combined method prevails, with pupilage of 9,018, more than 4,000 pupils are taught speech.

Education of deaf-mutes has kept pace with education in general. The common branches are as well taught in our state institutions for the deaf as in our public schools. In addition there is a high-school department in each, while for the more ambitious and gifted, the government supports, in Washington, the college till recently under the presidency of the late Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, already referred to.

The history of the growth, development, and success of the Columbia Institution is inseparable from the life of Dr. Gallaudet, who for over forty years was in turn instructor and organizer, its superintendent and president, but always its inspiration and hope. Orphaned early, inured first to business, and later college trained, young Gallaudet was made, before his graduation, an instructor in the Hartford School for the Deaf. His character and work were such that, despite his extreme youth, Mr. Amos Kendall, without seeing him and on reports of his capacity, offered him the superintendency of the Columbia Institution, chartered by the Congress of the United States.

The Columbia Institution is unique, not only because it is the only college for the deaf and dumb in the world, but also because it is the only institution where pupils acquire a complete education. More than six hundred young men and women have received the training of the college, and have proved by their intellectual development that deafness presents no obstacle to a very high degree of mental culture. The practical ad-

HELEN KELLER AND HER PET COLLIE.

very much to tell you. I am studying every day, and learning all I can about plants, and numbers, and the beautiful world our Father has given us. I am so glad that we shall live always, because there are so many wonderful things to learn about. Teacher sends love, and little sister sends a kiss.

Lovingly, your Little Friend,
Helen A. Keller.

PART OF LETTER.

vantages of the higher education to these young people have been marked and great, as will be shown by an enumeration of some of the occupations that have been opened to them. Forty-seven who have gone out from the college have been engaged in teaching; four have entered the Christian ministry; six have taken positions connected with journalism; fifteen have entered the civil service of the government—one of these, who rose to a high and responsible position, has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States; and one is engaged in the office of a state surveyor; two are successful architects; one is a city councilman; one has become eminent as a practical chemist and assayer; two are members of the faculty of the college in Washington, and seven are teaching in day-schools.

The students of the Columbia Institution enjoy the same activities and recreation as those of other colleges, and in baseball, football, hare-and-hounds, and other outdoor sports compare favourably with other teams. A deaf-mute's chest is narrow and contracted, because a man who cannot speak does not exercise his chest and lungs like a normal man, nor does he breathe in the same way. A deaf-mute's slouchy gait was due, in great part, to the fact that he was not alive to impressions that came by way of the tympanum of the ear.

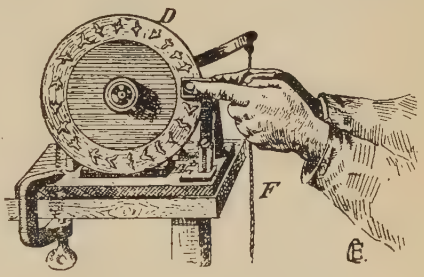
Since the introduction of gymnasium work the improvement in the physical well-being of the students in the institution has been wonderful. Bent backs have been straightened, narrow chests expanded, lips that were once slack tightened, and eyes that were once dull brightened. "Once get a deaf-mute interested," says the "gym" master, "and before you know where you are he is hotly enthusiastic. He undoubtedly has more power of concentration than ordinary young men in possession of all their faculties. He works like a Trojan and plays accordingly. The main trouble I have with my pupils —both sexes—is to prevent them trying to do too much. They would be here twelve hours a day if I would allow them. I am going to teach them handball this year, which is calculated to develop chest and lungs—their weakest points.

Far more wonderful than the teaching of either deaf-mutes or of the blind is the instruction of those in whom both these calamities are combined. It would seem almost impossible to reach the mind which is shut out from contact with

the world by these impediments, yet Christian love and patience and skill have accomplished this result. The first to achieve success in this difficult work was Dr. S. G. Howe, under whose care the blind deaf-mute, Laura Bridgman, became an accomplished woman, able to read, write, and receive intelligence from the outer world and convey responses thereto. To her mental isolation there penetrated the intelligence of the sufferings caused by the famine in Ireland. It aroused her sympathies and with her own hands she knitted a shawl which she sold for seven dollars and purchased therewith a barrel of flour to send to the famishing people of Ireland.

More wonderful still is the story of the mental development of Helen Keller, who also suffered under the treble infirmity of being deaf and dumb and blind. With infinite patience and genius, inspired by Christian philanthropy, she received such instruction as to become one of the most accomplished young women of the times, a college student of rare intelligence, and with better mental equipment than most students possessing all their physical faculties. One of our illustrations shows this marvellous girl in her earlier years, another shows specimens of her clear, legible writing, and still another of her more recent years.

M. Dessaud has just produced a cinematograph for the blind. The apparatus of M. Dessaud is founded on the same principle as the writing invented by Brail. The machine is composed of a circular plate moving on a horizontal axis. On the two edges of this disk there are cut in relief the successive positions of any desired movement, as for example the flight of a bird. As is shown by the figure there is placed at a certain point on the disk a little double opening against which one can place the two index



A CINEMATOGRAPH FOR THE BLIND.

fingers in such a way as to touch at the same time the two images in relief, which correspond to the same positions of the object in movement. In turning the plate by means of a pedal and a connection (F) there are experienced, one after the other, sensations which correspond to the different phases of the movement. The blind who have become sensitive with respect to sensation of touch can, with the aid of this instrument, obtain an exact conception of movement which up to this time they have not been able to do.—Public Opinion.

HARBOUR SUNSET.

Beyond the bar the sun has set
And there the wind may chant its runes,
All mystical and sad at sea,
But here the high sky over me
Is one pure dome of violet
Winnowed of cloud above the dunes.

Over the Druid pine and fir
That crown the westering hills is seen
The young moon's golden barge afloat
Like some adventurous fairy boat
With one white star to pilot her
Through seas of pearl and lucent green.

Afar, the islets still and dim,
That gem the harbour's burnished zone,
Hold yet the twilight that must soon
Fall over sea and reef and dune,
As from some goblet's crystal rim
A misty purple wine is blown.

The boats that sailed at break of day
Are homeward bound, and on the shore
A joyous welcome waits each one
For toil is past and work is done
When o'er the hushed and placid bay
The veil of darkness falls once more.

—*L. M. Montgomery.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

BY THE HONOURABLE JOSEPH H. CHOATE,
United States Ambassador to Great Britain.

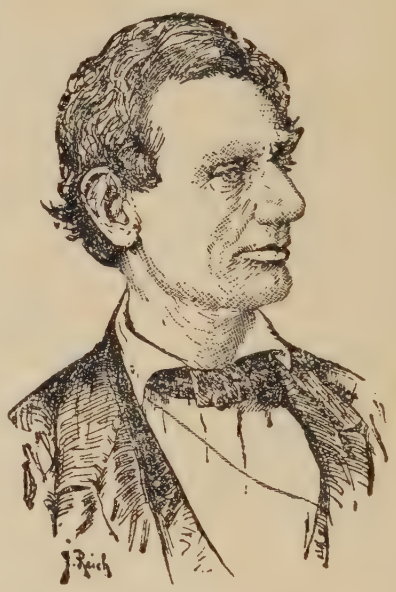
DURING his brief term of power Abraham Lincoln was probably the object of more abuse, vilification and ridicule than any other man in the world, but when he fell by the hand of an assassin, at the very moment of his stupendous victory, all the nations of the earth vied with one another in paying homage to his character, and the thirty-seven years that have since elapsed have established his place in history as one of the great benefactors, not of his own country alone, but of the human race.

One of many noble utterances upon the occasion of his death was that in which *Punch* made its magnanimous recantation of the spirit with which it had pursued him:

Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

. . . . . .

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind—of princes peer,
This rail-splitter—a true-born king of men.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fiction can furnish no match for the romance of his life, and biography will be searched in vain for such startling vicissitudes of fortune, so great power and glory won out of such humble beginnings and adverse circumstances.

Doubtless, you are all familiar with the salient points of his extraordinary career. In the zenith of his fame he was the wise, patient,

* Ninety four years ago, on January 12th, in poverty and obscurity, Abraham Lincoln was born. The same year Gladstone and Tennyson, and the year before Cardinal Manning, saw the light. Yet this humble birth in the wilds of Kentucky was destined more profoundly to affect the history of the world than any other of the century. Our American kinsmen celebrate as one of their memorial days the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. We think it a fitting tribute to this "most American of Americans" to join with them in study and admiration of his heroic character. We are glad to reprint the substance of the eloquent address delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh by the Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain. It is but a few weeks ago since the Honourable Mr. Choate delivered another memorial address in John Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, on the unveiling of a memorial window to another great American, the friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln, Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Thus are the bonds of international brotherhood knit more closely by such Christian courtesies and amenities.—ED.

courageous, successful ruler of men, exercising more power than any monarch of his time, not for himself but for the good of the people who had placed it in his hands. Commander-in-chief of a vast military power, which waged with ultimate success the greatest war of the century; the triumphant champion of popular government, the deliverer of 4,000,000 of his fellow-men from bondage; honoured by mankind as statesman, President, and liberator.

Nothing could be more squalid and miserable than the home in which Abraham Lincoln was born —a one-room cabin without floor or window, in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky, in the heart of that frontier life which swiftly moved westward from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, always in advance of schools and churches, of books and money, of railroads and newspapers, of all things which are generally regarded as the comforts and even necessaries of life. His father, ignorant, needy, and thriftless, together for himself and his family, was ever seeking, without success, to better his unhappy condition by moving on from one such scene of dreary desolation to another. The rude society which surrounded them was not much better. The struggle for existence was hard, and absorbed all their energies. They were fighting the forest, the wild beast, and the retreating savage. From the time when he could hardly handle tools until he attained his majority, Lincoln's life was that of a simple farm labourer, poorly clad, housed, and fed, at work either on his father's wretched farm or hired out to the neighbouring farmers.

But in spite, or, perhaps, by means of this rude environment, he grew to be a stalwart giant, reaching six feet four at nineteen, and fabulous stories are told of his feats of strength. With the growth of this mighty frame began that strange education which in his ripening years was to qualify him for the great destiny that awaited him, and the development of those mental faculties and moral endowments which, by the time he reached middle life, were to make him the sagacious, patient, and triumphant leader of a great nation in the crisis of its fate.

His whole schooling, obtained during such odd times as could be spared from grinding labour, did not amount in all to as much as one year, and the quality of the teaching was of the lowest possible grade, including only the elements of reading, writing, and ciphering. But out of these simple elements, when rightly used by the right man, education is achieved; and Lincoln knew how to use them. As so often happens, he seemed to take warning from his father's unfortunate example. Untiring industry, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an ever-growing desire to rise above his surroundings, were early manifestations of his character.

Books were almost unknown in that community, but the Bible was in every house, and somehow or other "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," a history of the United States, and a life of Washington fell into his hands. He trudged on foot many miles through the wilderness to borrow an English grammar, and is said to have devoured greedily the contents of the statutes of Indiana that fell in his way. These few volumes he read and re-read—and his power of assimilation was great. This youth's mind, at any rate, was thoroughly saturated with Biblical knowledge and Biblical

language, which, in after life, he used with great readiness and effect. But it was the constant use of the little knowledge which he had, that developed and exercised his mental powers. After the hard day's work was done, while others slept, he toiled on, always reading or writing. From an early age he did his own thinking, and made up his own mind—invaluable traits in the future President. Paper was such a scarce commodity that, by the evening firelight, he would write and cipher on the back of a wooden shovel, and then shave it off to make room for more. By and by, as he approached manhood, he began speaking in the rude gatherings of the neighbourhood, and so laid the foundation of that art of persuading his fellow-men, which was one rich result of his education, and one great secret of his subsequent success.

It is hardly possible to conceive how benighted and isolated was the condition of the community at Pigeon Creek, in Indiana, of which the family of Lincoln's father formed a part, or how eagerly an ambitious and high-spirited boy such as he must have yearned to escape. The first glimpse that he ever got of any world beyond the narrow confines of his home was in 1828, at the age of nineteen, when a neighbour employed him to accompany his son down the river to New Orleans to dispose of a flatboat of produce, a commission which he discharged with great success.

Shortly after his return from this first excursion into the outer world, his father, tired of failure in Indiana, packed his family and all his worldly goods into a single waggon drawn by two yoke of oxen, and after fourteen days' tramp through the wilderness, pitched his camp once more in Illinois. Here Abraham, having come of age and being now his own master, rendered the last service of his minority by plowing the fifteen-acre lot and splitting from the tall walnut trees of the primeval forest enough rails to surround the little clearing with a fence. So Lincoln, at twenty-one, had just begun his preparation for the public life to which he soon began to aspire. For some years he must continue to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, having absolutely no means, no home, no friend to consult. More farm work as a hired hand, a clerkship in a village store, the running of a mill, another trip to New Orleans on a flatboat of his own contriving, a pilot's berth on the river, these were the means by which he subsisted until, in the summer of 1832, when he was twenty-three years of age, an event occurred which gave him public recognition.

The Black Hawk war broke out, and the Governor of Illinois, calling for volunteers to repel the band of savages whose leader bore that name, Lincoln enlisted and was elected captain of his comrades, among whom he had already established his supremacy by signal feats of strength and more than one successful single combat. During the brief hostilities he was engaged in no battle and won no military glory, but his local leadership was established. The same year he offered himself as a candidate for the Legislature of Illinois, but failed at the polls. Another unsuccessful attempt at storekeeping was followed by better luck at surveying, until his horse and instruments were levied upon under execution for the debts of his business venture.

At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Legislature of Illinois, and so continued for

eight years, and, in the meantime, qualified himself by reading such law books as he could borrow at random—for he was too poor to buy any—to be called to the bar. For his second quarter of a century—during which a single term in Congress introduced him into the arena of national questions—he gave himself up to law and politics. Year by year his knowledge and power, his experience and reputation extended, and his mental faculties seemed to grow by what they fed on. His power of persuasion, which had always been marked, was developed to an extraordinary degree, now that he became engaged in congenial questions and subjects. Little by little he rose to prominence at the bar, and became the most effective public speaker in the West. It was in political controversy, of course, that Lincoln acquired his wide reputation, and made his deep and lasting impression upon the people of what had now become the powerful state of Illinois, and upon the people of the great West, to whom the political power and control of the United States were already surely and swiftly passing from the older Eastern States. It was this reputation and this impression and the familiar knowledge of his character which had come to them from his local leadership, that happily inspired the people of the West to present him as their candidate, and to press him upon the Republican Convention of 1860, as the fit and necessary leader in the struggle for life which was before the nation.

That struggle, as you all know, arose out of the terrible question of slavery. Negro slavery had been firmly established in the Southern States from an early period of their history. In 1619, the year before the Mayflower landed our Pilgrim Fathers upon Plymouth Rock, a Dutch ship had discharged a cargo of African slaves at Jamestown, in Virginia. All through the Colonial period their importation had continued. A few had found their way into the Northern States, but in none of them in sufficient numbers to constitute danger or to afford a basis for political power. At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution there is no doubt that the principal members of the convention not only condemned slavery as a moral, social, and political evil, but believed that by the suppression of the slave trade it was in the course of gradual extinction in the South, as it certainly was in the North. Washington, in his will, provided for the emancipation of his own slaves, and said to Jefferson that it "was among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country might be abolished." Jefferson said, referring to the institution: "I tremble for my country when I think that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep for ever"—and Franklin, Adams, Hamilton, and Patrick Henry were all utterly opposed to it.

But slavery was made the subject of a fatal compromise in the Federal Constitution, whereby its existence was recognized in the States as a basis of representation; the prohibition of the importation of slaves was postponed for twenty years, and the return of fugitive slaves provided for. Yet no imminent danger was apprehended from it till, by the invention of the cotton gin in 1792, cotton culture by slave labour became at once the leading industry of the South and gave a new impetus to the importation of slaves; so that in 1808, when the Constitutional prohibition took effect, their numbers had vastly increased. From that time forward

slavery became the basis of a great political power, and the Southern States, under all circumstances and at every opportunity, carried on a brave and unrelenting struggle for its maintenance and extension.

The conscience of the North was slow to rise against it, though bitter controversies from time to time took place. The Southern leaders threatened disunion if their demands were not complied with. To save the Union, compromise after compromise was made, but each one in the end was broken. The Missouri Compromise, made in 1820 upon the occasion of the admission of Missouri into the Union as a slave State whereby, in consideration of such admission, slavery was for ever excluded from the North-West Territory—was ruthlessly repealed in 1854 by a Congress elected in the interests of the slave power, the intent being to force slavery into that vast territory which had so long been dedicated to freedom. This challenge at last aroused the slumbering conscience and passion of the North, and led to the formation of the Republican party for the avowed purpose of preventing, by Constitutional methods, the further extension of slavery.

In its first campaign, in 1856, though it failed to elect its candidates, it received a surprising vote and carried many of the States. No one could any longer doubt that the North had made up its mind that no threats of disunion should deter it from pressing its cherished purpose and performing its long neglected duty. From the outset Lincoln was one of the most active and effective leaders and speakers of the new party, and the great debates between Douglas and Lincoln, in 1858, as the respective champions of the extension and restriction of slavery, attracted the attention of the whole country. Lincoln's powerful arguments carried conviction everywhere. His moral nature was thoroughly aroused—his conscience was stirred to the quick. Unless slavery was wrong, nothing was wrong. Was each man, of whatever colour, entitled to the fruits of his own labour, or could one man live in idle luxury by the sweat of another's brow, whose skin was darker? We have time only for one or two sentences in which he struck the keynote of the contest:

> "The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between those two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.'"

During the entire decade from 1850 to 1860, the agitation of the slavery question was at the boiling point, and events which have become historical continually indicated the near approach of the overwhelming storm. The forcible carrying away of fugitive slaves by Federal troops from Boston agitated that ancient stronghold of freedom to its foundations. The publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which truly exposed the frightful possibilities of the slave system; the reckless attempts by force and fraud to establish it in Kansas against the will of the vast majority of the settlers; the beating of Sumner in the Senate chamber for words spoken in debate; the Dred Scott decision in the Supreme Court, which made the nation realize that the slave power had at last reached the fountain of Federal justice; and, finally, the execution of John Brown for his wild raid into

Virginia to invite the slaves to rally to the standard of freedom which he unfurled; all these events tended to illustrate and confirm Lincoln's contention that the nation could not permanently continue half slave and half free, but must become all one thing or all the other. When John Brown lay under sentence of death, he declared that now he was sure that slavery must be wiped out in blood; but neither he nor his executioners dreamed that within four years a million soldiers would be marching across the country for its final extirpation to the music of the war song of the great conflict:

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on."

And now, at the age of fifty-one, this child of the wilderness, this farm labourer, rail-splitter, flatboatman; this surveyor, lawyer, orator, statesman, and patriot, found himself elected by the great party which was pledged to prevent at all hazards the future extension of slavery, as the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, bound to carry out that purpose, to be the leader and ruler of the nation in the more trying hour.

It is now forty-two years since I first saw and heard Abraham Lincoln, but the impression which he left on my mind is ineffaceable. At first sight there was nothing impressive or imposing about him—except that his great stature singled him out from the crowd; his clothes hung awkwardly on his giant frame, his face was of a dark pallor, without the slightest tinge of colour; his seamed and rugged features bore the furrows of hardship and struggle; his deep-set eyes looked sad and anxious; his countenance in repose gave little evidence of that brain power which had raised him from the lowest to the highest station among his countrymen.

When he spoke he was transformed; his eye kindled, his voice rang, his face shone and seemed to light up the whole assembly. For an hour and a half he held his audience in the hollow of his hand. His style of speech and manner of delivery were severely simple. What Lowell called "the grand simplicities of the Bible," with which he was so familiar, were reflected in his discourse. He concluded with this telling sentence, which drove the whole argument home to all our hearts:

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it."

Alas! in five years from that exulting night, I saw him again, for the last time, in the same city, borne in his coffin through its draped streets. With tears and lamentations a heart-broken people accompanied him from Washington, the scene of his martyrdom, to his last resting-place in the young city of the West, where he had worked his way to fame.

Never was a new ruler in a more desperate plight than Lincoln when he entered office on March 4th, 1861, four months after his election, and took his oath to support the Constitution and the Union. The intervening time had been busily employed by the Southern States in carrying out their threat of disunion in the event of his election. As soon as that fact was ascertained, seven of them had seceded and had seized upon the forts, arsenals, navy yards, and other public property of the United States within their boundaries, and were making every preparation for war. In the meantime, the retiring President, who had been elected by

the slave power, and who thought the seceding States could not lawfully be coerced, had done absolutely nothing. Lincoln found himself, by Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, but with only a remnant of either at hand. Each was to be created on a great scale out of the unknown resources of a nation untried in war.

It is probable, however, that neither side actually realized that war was inevitable and that the other was determined to fight, until the assault on Fort Sumter presented the South as the aggressor, and roused the North to use every possible resource to maintain the Government and the imperilled Union, and to vindicate the supremacy of the flag over every inch of the territory of the United States. The fact that Lincoln's first proclamation called for only 75,000 troops, to serve for three months, shows how inadequate was even his idea of what the future had in store.

We cannot follow this contest. You know its gigantic proportions; that it lasted four years instead of three months; that in its progress instead of 75,000 men, more than 2,000,000 were enrolled on the side of the Government alone; that the aggregate cost and loss to the nation approximated to $5,000,000,000, and that no less than 300,000 brave and precious lives were sacrificed on each side. History has recorded how Lincoln bore himself during those four frightful years; that he was the real President, the responsible and actual head of the Government through it all; that he listened to all advice, heard all parties, and then, always realizing his responsibility to God and the nation, decided every great executive question for himself. His absolute honesty had become proverbial long before he was President. "Honest Abe Lincoln" was the name by which he had been known for years. His every act attested it.

He was true as steel to his generals, but had frequent occasion to change them as he found them inadequate. This serious and painful duty rested wholly on him, and was, perhaps, his most important function as commander-in-chief; but when at last he recognized in General Grant the master of the situation, the man who could and would bring the war to a triumphant end, he gave it all over to him and upheld him with all his might. Amid all the pressure and distress that the burdens of office brought upon him, his unfailing sense of humour saved him—probably made it possible for him to live under the burden. He had always been the great story-teller of the West, and he used and cultivated this faculty to relieve the weight of the load he bore.

He was tender-hearted to a fault, and never could resist the appeals of wives and mothers of soldiers who had got into trouble and were under sentence of death for their offences. His secretary of war and other officials complained that they never could get deserters shot. As surely as the women of the culprit's family could get at him, he always gave way. Certainly you will all appreciate his exquisite sympathy with the suffering relatives of those who had fallen in battle. His heart bled with theirs. Never was there a more gentle or tender utterance than his letter to a mother who had given all her sons to her country, written at a time when the angel of death had visited almost every household in the land, and was already hovering over him:

"I have been shown," he says, "in the file of the War Department a state-

ment that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from your grief for a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation which may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and the lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Hardly could your illustrious sovereign, from the depths of her queenly and womanly heart, have spoken words more touching and tender to soothe the stricken mothers of her own soldiers.

The Emancipation Proclamation, with which Mr. Lincoln delighted the country and the world on the first of January, 1863, will doubtless secure for him a foremost place in history among the philanthropists and benefactors of the race, as it rescued from hopeless and degrading slavery so many millions of his fellow beings, described in the law and existing in fact as "chattels-personal." Rarely does the happy fortune come to one man to render such a service to his kind—to proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.

Lincoln had been always heart and soul opposed to slavery. Tradition says that on the trip of the flat-boat to New Orleans he formed his first and last opinion of slavery at the sight of negroes chained and scourged, and that then and there the iron entered into his soul. No boy could grow to manhood in those days as a poor white in Kentucky and Indiana, in close contact with slavery or in its neighbourhood, without a growing consciousness of its blighting effects on free labour, as well as of its frightful injustice and cruelty.

By the mere election of Lincoln to the Presidency the further extension of slavery into the Territories was rendered for ever impossible—*vox populi, vox Dei.* Revolutions never go backward, and when founded on a great moral sentiment stirring the heart of an indignant people, their edicts are irresistible and final. When seven States, afterward increased to eleven, openly seceded from the Union; when they declared and began war upon the nation, and challenged its mighty power to the desperate and protracted struggle for its life, and for the maintenance of its authority as a nation over its territory, they gave to Lincoln and to freedom the sublime opportunity of history.

As the dreadful war progressed and became more deadly and dangerous, the unalterable conviction was forced upon him that, in order that the frightful sacrifice of life and treasure on both sides might not be all in vain, it had become his duty as commander-in-chief of the army, as a necessary war measure, to strike a blow at the rebellion which, all others failing, would inevitably lead to its annihilation, by annihilating the very thing for which it was contending.

And so, at last, when in his judgment, the indispensable necessity had come, he struck the fatal blow, and signed the proclamation which has made his name immortal. By it the President proclaimed all persons held as slaves in the States and parts of States then in rebellion to be henceforward free, and declared that the Executive, with the army and navy, would recognize and maintain their freedom.

Heard through the land like the blast of a bugle, the proclamation rallied the patriotism of the country to fresh sacrifices and renewed ardour. It was a step that could

not be revoked. It relieved the conscience of the nation from an incubus that had oppressed it from its birth. The United States was rescued from the false predicament in which it had been from the beginning, and the great popular heart leaped with new enthusiasm for "Liberty and union, henceforth and for ever, one and inseparable." It brought not only moral but material support to the cause of the Government, for within two years 120,000 coloured troops were enlisted in the military service and following the national flag, supported by all the loyalty of the North and led by its choicest spirits. One mother said, when her son was offered the command of the first coloured regiment, "If he accepts it, I shall be as proud as if I had heard that he was shot." He was shot, heading a gallant charge of his regiment. The Confederates replied to a request of his friends for his body that they "had buried him under a layer of his niggers"; but that mother has lived to enjoy thirty-six years of his glory, and Boston has erected its noblest monument to his memory.

Wherever the Federal armies advanced they carried freedom with them, and when the summer came around, the new spirit and force which had animated the heart of the Government and people were manifest.

When Lincoln issued his proclamation, he knew if slavery were once disposed of, the only cause of difference being out of the way, the North and South would come together again and, by and by, be as good friends as ever. In many quarters abroad the proclamation was welcomed with enthusiasm by the friends of America; but I think the demonstrations that brought more gladness to Lincoln's heart than any other were the meetings held in the manufacturing centres by the very operatives upon whom the war bore the hardest, expressing the most enthusiastic sympathy with the proclamation, while they bore with heroic fortitude the grievous privations which the war entailed upon them. Mr. Lincoln's expectation when he announced to the world that all slaves in all States then in rebellion were set free, must have been that the avowed position of his Government that the continuance of the war now meant the annihilation of slavery would make intervention impossible for any foreign nation whose people were lovers of liberty—and so the result proved.

The growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force, of his intense and magnetic personality, after the vast responsibilities of government were thrown upon him at the age of fifty-two, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvellous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect—of the sound mind in the sound body. As Clarendon said of Cromwell: "His parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station." The rough backwoodsman, who had never seen the inside of a university, became in the end, by self-training and the exercise of his own powers of mind, heart, and soul, a master of style—and some of his utterances will rank with the best, the most perfectly adapted to the occasion which produced them. Read his two minutes' speech at Gettysburg, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Cemetery. His whole soul was in it:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met

on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead who struggle here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

In his second inaugural address, pronounced just forty days before his death, there is a single passage which well displays his indomitable will, and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity to the enemies of his country, and his broad and Catholic humanity:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through the appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

His prayer was answered. The forty days of life that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. He lived to see his Proclamation of Emancipation embodied in an amendment of the Constitution adopted by Congress, and submitted to the States for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away, for it was given him to witness the surrender of the rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory the vanquished lost their best friend, and the human race one of its noblest examples, and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The paths of night and death unscathed he trod,
His eye still fixed where, pale in whitening skies,
Love's herald-star assured a sun's uprise,
And darkness slain, and earth "afire with God."

—*Mary A. Woods, in The Academy.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

PRESENTLY they began to come in, and at eleven the whole congregation was there—fourteen of them. Jemmy bustled in last, his great weakness being unpunctuality, and after greetings had been exchanged, the worshippers settled down into their places with a feeling of great content to commence their first worship hour in the new building. But they were not allowed to feel too complacent and comfortable. During the giving out of the first hymn an uneasy donkey in the adjoining stable lifted up his voice, and for a time rendered the reader inaudible. His untuneful vocal effort was almost immediately followed by a tremendous crash, some mischievous urchin seeking an outlet for his superabundant energy having hurled a huge stone at the door with all his might. The noise made all the worshippers jump and feel uneasy; but, except for the momentary and involuntary movement, not the slightest notice was taken of the interruption, and the service proceeded on the old familiar lines.

But no sooner had the solemn eating and drinking ended than old Pug Maskery arose, with his well-worn Bible open in his hand, and announced that he would read a portion from the Word, and say a word thereon for the "brethren and sisters' behoof." He chose the chapter setting forth the dedication of Solomon's temple—1 Kings viii.—and in spite of his painfully manifest limitations in the matter of reading, his extraordinary floundering and boggling over unfamiliar words, succeeded in riveting the attention of his hearers upon the wonderful description of the coming of the Lord God to his glorious habitation in Jerusalem. Then, laying down the book and taking off his spectacles, the once truculent old man looked round upon his fellows and said:

"Beloved brethring an' sisters, we ain't got a temple like Solomon's was, but we've a-got a better one. Not, mind yer, as I means ter say anythin' agin Solomon, or 'is temple either, but you know as 'ow we all believes as the day is come w'en it don't matter a row er pins w'ere we wusshups God so long as we does wusshup 'im. I believe 'at we all feels 'at if it warn't fur the cold an' th' wet we wouldn't want no better temple t' wusshup 'im in than 'is own great temple of out o' doors, the bootiful blue sky over-'ead, and th' lovely green grass under-foot, an' th' sweet incense of frash growin' 'erbs hof th' field a-blessin' our nosterels. But seein' as 'e's placed us 'ere thet carn't be, anyways not in th' winter time, neither, seein' 'ow 'is enemies feels tords us, can we remember th' Lord's death till 'e comes in public.

"There ain't no shadder of doubt in our minds, though—is they?—that th' Lord 'isself 'ave made 'is temple in our 'earts, our poor, misbul, little shrivelled-up 'earts, an' that that there temple 's as much more glorious than Solomon's as a man's better'n a piece of hallybarster er hany hother precious stone? 'Nother thing, bless 'is Oly Name, 'e knows 'at we shouldn' be able to wusshup 'im in a bootiful buildin' at all; we ain't ben used to it. We sh'd be a-lookin' roun' at the finery an' reckonin' up ow' many pore, 'ungry people the cost on it all 'ud feed, an' w'en we got over that, we'd begin to get stuck up corse we'd get such a grand place, thinkin' more o' wot we could see that was temporal than wot we cooldn't see that was eternal. Bless the dear Lord, brethring an' sisters, 'at we've got a water-tight roof over our 'eads, a snug place w'ere we can all come apart an' rest a while 'thout a-disturbin' of our pore little 'omes an' p'raps a-makin' unpleasantness with our wives. We are thankful, ain't we? (Loud chorus of "Amens" and "Bless the Lords.")

"An' now I wants ter tell ye wot's in my mind abaht this 'ere place. I s'pose I'm like hall the rest o' th' folks, more I gets more I wants; 'n' it's bore in on me 'at this place ain't a-goin' t' be near big 'nuf. We'll 'ave t' 'ave that theer next place soon. Cause w'y? We're a-goin' t' get the people in 'ere werry noomrus, an' lots

on 'em 'll want baptizin', an' we'll want our own pool, an', an'——O Glory ! Hi don't see no end ner limit t'wot th' Lord's a-goin' t' do fur us an' wiv us 'slong's we're faithful. That's it. Thet's the word Hi ben a-wrastlin' fur. 'Be ye faithful unter death 'n' I will give ye a crahn o' life.' Yus, that means as we've got ter be faithful t' 'im fust, then t' hour brethring an' sisters, then t' hourselves.

"You ain't got no minister t' pay; y' ain't got no pew rents ter pay; y' gits yer Gospel mighty cheap; just see t' it 'at y' don't try t' git it fur nothink, 'cos y' know 's well 's I do 'at wot don't corst y' nothin' y' don't value much unless it's the salvation wot y' carn't buy. Don't think I'm too 'ard; please don't, fur I love yer with all my pore 'art, I do hindeed. An' p'raps all I've tried ter s'y might be better said in th' words o' John: 'Little childun, love one another, fur God is love.'"

The old man sat down, tears flooded his scarred and rugged red face, and even had there been any resentment at his outspokenness, it must have been effectually quenched by the spectacle of his emotion as he strove to restrain the torrent of his feelings. Then Saul, rising diffidently to his feet, said:

"Brethren, all our dear old brother's said we must reckernize as not only truth but wisdom. Anyhow, I'm a-goin' t' take it t' heart. I've got t' leave yer next week, as most of ye know, for a long voyage, but I've determined by God's help to say a word fur Him every day no matter what it costes me. An' I'm a-goin' t' pray for all of you an' the little mission here. About my half-pay, you know —well, I've left it for the benefit of the mission, or p'raps I ought to say for my own benefit, 'cause I know it will do me heaps of good. An' I feel shore I shall come back ter find the Wren Lane Mission a-flourishin' like a green bay-tree planted by a river of livin' waters. An' if I don't come back, the sea havin' claimed me for a part of the toll it takes of its workers—well, it's all right, bless the Lord. I shall go where I can do ever so much better than ever I can do here."

Up jumped Jemmy, almost shouting: "Brethring an' sisters, my 'eart's too full to speak nah. 'Sides, Saul an' my farver's said all 'at I'd ha' said, an' said it better, too. But in the open air to-night I b'lieve the Lord 'll give us all 'ears t' feel an' tongue t' speak his praise. Let's conclude our wusship by singin' 'All hail th' power of Jesus' name.'" Swiftly all present sprang to their feet, and under Saul's leadership sang the grand old hymn with tremendous vigour, if with little attention to time or tune. Then old Pug pronounced the benediction as solemnly, and doubtless as effectively, as if he had been the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the first meeting in the Wren Lane Mission Hall was over. The collection from sixteen people amounted to twelve and sixpence, half a crown of which came from Saul and two shillings from Pug.

But the members could not so readily disperse. They must needs discuss the establishment of a Sunday-school in the afternoon, and a Band of Hope for some week evening.

At the earnest solicitation of Jemmy, Saul accompanied him home to dinner. So difficult is it for the best of us to analyze our own motives and feelings, that probably he would have been much surprised had any one told him that he was so anxious to have Saul with him at dinner because he knew that from Mrs. Maskery's deep-seated respect for that splendid sailorman she would almost certainly be on her best behaviour, and—poor little man !—he sorely dreaded another outbreak like that of the early morning. Another and lesser reason was that Saul had really provided the mainstay of the Sunday feast, and as he had no home of his own, only his boarding-house, Jemmy felt sure that he would not mind coming even to so crowded a dinner-table as the Maskerys' undoubtedly was.

So they went, both of them together, and were greeted at the door of Jemmy's tiny house by an odour of roasting beef and boiling cabbage that, as Saul said, would almost give a dead man an appetite. The passage was full of young Maskerys in various stages of growth, but all wildly excited at the prospect of the weekly banquet—seldom as plentiful as this, however. As Saul and Jemmy entered the darksome but spotlessly clean kitchen wherein the family spent most of their lives, Mrs. Maskery raised her heated face from the joint she was diligently carving, and said:

"Yore jest in time, young man, I give ye my word. Them as ain't in ter dinner by one o'clock don't git none put away for 'em——O Saul, I didn't notice yer; sit right down yer

an' make yerself at 'ome.—Now, then, Sally, say grace, ducky." And there was an instant hush, all the family remaining quite still in whatever position they chanced to occupy at the moment, and Mrs. Maskery herself standing with one hand holding the carving-fork stuck in the joint, and the other shading her eyes.

"Thank God for sendin' us all a good dinner, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen," murmured Sally, a mite of six, and immediately the plates began to circulate rapidly, each receiving its due proportion of beef, potatoes (plenty of those), greens, and gravy, which the elder children cut up so that the younger could manipulate their portions with spoons.

A temporary diversion of a skirmishing kind took place while the pudding, a somewhat forbidding-looking ball of dough studded sparsely with raisins, succeeded the meat and vegetables, for nearly all hands were pressed into the service of clearing away, washing up such plates as were required for the second course, and settling down into their places again. But presently that pleasant lassitude that succeeds a good meal supervened, while Jemmy mentally calculated how much longer time remained to him before it would be necessary to set out for the Hall to make ready for the embryo Sunday-school.

Then up spake Mrs. Maskery: "You two men better git inter th' front parlour w'ile we clear the things orf th' table; yore only in th' way 'ere, 's men gen'lly are 'bout a 'owse." But if her words were rough, her manner was genial, bringing quick response from Jemmy, whose sunny nature was always on the alert to respond to a loving word or look from any one.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN THE NEW HALL. AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Let us at once repair to the "Hall," with those two earnest apostles—Saul and Jemmy. To begin a Sunday-school with about a dozen youngsters, and gradually, by careful working, to increase the number until the Hall should be full, had been their idea. And lo! when they arrived, there were over thirty children clustered round the door waiting not too patiently for it to be opened. Delighted almost beyond bearing, Jemmy burst in among them, unlocked the door, and in five minutes, by the children's willing aid, he had got the table cleared away, the forms set in order, hymn-books given out, and the portable harmonium placed in a prominent position.

Being the first occasion of the meeting of the school, the accommodation was very incomplete, but this, so far from causing the children any annoyance, only heightened their enjoyment of the gipsy-like character of the proceedings. Stepping forward to the verge of the little platform, Jemmy said: "Deer childun, I don't know how ter tell ye 'ow glad I am ter see so many of yer a-comin' 'ere this fust Sunday we've 'ad the 'all. It's like th' deer Farther 'imself a-tellin' me 'at th' place wos badly wanted. An', please Gord, we'll 'ave some more forms by next Sunday. None of yer sharn't 'ave t' set on the flore (though I believe ye likes it better'n a good seat). No, we'll 'ave everythink rigged up all right for ye be nex' Sunday. An' nah our dear Brother Saul 'ere 'll tork t' yer. 'E's a-goin' away acrost the great oshun, an' werry likely 'e won't be able to meet wiv any feller Chrischuns fur wusshup until Gord brings 'em back agen safely t' hus. 'N' so I worn't ye t' lissen t' 'im wiv all yore 'earts, an' remember wot 'e sez t' ye. Brother Saul, will ye speak, nah?"

When Saul spoke it was in a faltering voice, for his feelings almost overcame his ability to put his thoughts into words such as the children would understand. At last he began: "Dear little boys an' gals, as your superintendent has said, I'm a-goin' away from ye fur a very long time, perhaps for always. An' I don't feel as if I could go 'thout sayin' a few words t' ye fust. I want t' say this t' ye, that the Lord Jesus Christ, the lover of little people like you, wants, oh, so much, to make you able to do right, to make you able not to do wrong. Only He can do this for you.

"Now, dear little people, never forget that God loves you; that He wants to see you good and happy; that He is able to do all for you that you want; that He's a Friend that's always near—so near that if you only believe in His love you will never be lonely or forsaken any more.

"What I am telling you I am telling myself. For I, like you, forget so quickly; and presently, when I'm out on the sea, and perhaps there may not be another man on board my big ship that loves God, if I don't remember His love and His promises I shall

feel very lonely. But I shan't forget this afternoon and all your dear faces listening to the little I've been able to tell you about the dear Master. I shall think of you through the long night watches when all is quiet, and the wide sea all around looks like the sky above. And I hope that you will all pray for me that I may live a faithful life, doing what God wants me to do, and that if it may be I shall be permitted to come back and see you all again and find you still following in the footsteps of our dear Friend and Master, Jesus Christ. God bless you all for His sake. Amen."

Jemmy immediately gave out the hymn, "There's a Friend for Little Children." It was lustily sung, of course, and then with the benediction, the little ones were dismissed into the sunshine. With a good deal of happy noise they dispersed, to all appearance utterly forgetting the solemn talk of Saul. But those who have studied children know how wonderfully impressions at that early age are often retained, and when those impressions are good we shall assess the value of the fruit borne of them in after years.

So, carefuly locking up the "Hall," Saul, Jemmy, and his little tribe went home to tea. True, the tea was of the weakest. Mrs. Maskery doled out milk and sugar most sparingly, but there was plenty of the somewhat mawkish decoction to assuage thirst, and what more did any one there want? By the time the meal was over, so fast had the minutes flown by, it was necessary for Jemmy and Saul to prepare for the grand event of the day, the open-air meeting on the "Waste."

Now, during the week, the news of the establishment of the Wren Lane Mission Hall had been widely discussed in the immediate neighbourhood. Then, too, the weather of this particular Sunday was perfect. Promptly at six the whole band was gathered at the Hall, finding to their amazement and gratification quite a crowd of curious ones waiting to accompany them to the field. Less than ten minutes sufficed for the preliminaries, the brief, almost ejaculatory prayers sent up for the souls of the hearers, for wisdom and power to the speakers, and for a good upheaval all round. Then the warriors sallied forth with bright faces, all except Jimson, the stevedore. Probably his liver was out of order, or something of that kind, for had any one listened closely by his side they would have heard mutterings and grumblings something after this style:

"Ho, yers, 'tsall very well, but some on us 's gitting stuck up, Hi think. Hi hain't ben harsked t' speak ner pray ner do anyfing, in fac'. Hi knows the time when it was Bruvver Joe here, an' Bruvver Joe there, and Hi was alwus busy abaht somefing er another. An' nar Joe Jimson's only wanted when th' collections a-goin' on. Sharn't stan' much more on it, Hi know."

Jimson had been somewhat shelved of late because of the fiery zeal of Saul, and his masterful mind (he was a foreman stevedore) was hard put to it to bear what he considered to be unjust neglect. So he glowered and fumed, making himself unhappy after our foolish manner.

Fortunately for the work, this evening, poor Jimson's mood passed unnoticed. The Band arrived at their pitch, a ring was formed, and a hymn given out—"Work, for the night is coming." Before it was started, the audience numbered several hundreds, all workingmen and women, indefinitely eager for something, they knew not what. The care-lined faces looked with pathetic earnestness at the speaker when, the hymn over, Jemmy came forward to tell for the five hundredth time the stories of his father's conversation and his own. Many of them had heard it often before, but it never seemed to pall, and the unuttered sympathy was so manifest that Jemmy outdid himself. His face was transfigured, his voice deepened, until, amid a hush that was intensely solemn, a man who had long been the terror of the alley in which he lived, and the scourge of his wife and family, came forward as if drawn by some unseen but irresistible force and, gently moving aside those who obstructed his progress, reached the ring. Sinking upon his knees, he said softly, "God be merciful to me a sinner." There was a dramatic pause while Jemmy, placing his grimy hand upon the newcomer's head, cried: "Yuss, brother, 'e will. You've claimed 'im, an' you'll fine 'im, as I 'ave, the tenderest, most fergivin' Friend you ever 'eard on."

As if hardly heeding, the man rose to his feet and faced the crowd, now excited tremendously by what was occurring. "Neighbers," he said, "ye all know 'at Bill Harrop 'as been a mighty bad character for a good many years. Most of ye know 'at my pore wife an' kids 'as often 'ad t' go close

t' th' edge o' starvation w'ile I ben a-boozin' away like a 'ouse afire. An' everybody fought I didn't care. Well, I didn't, 'cause I couldn't. I'd a liked to, and I did try to—oh, yuss, I did, 'undreds o' times. But at last I see my tryin' was all no use, and I jes' let meself go 'eadlong t' 'ell, as all on ye know. An' nah it's gotter thet as I see 'em a-dyin' afore me werry eyes, an' I—an' I go on boozin' th' larst 'apenny as 'd keep 'em alive. All th' time I knowed there wuz a Gord, on'y I tried 'ard t' fergit it, and I couldn' 'elp knowin' there was one devil any'ow 's long as I knowed I was erbout meself. Nah, altho' I b'lieve I'm the wust man I ever come acrost, I just, b'lieve, too, that Gord can make even me wuth somethin'. I know I am wus'n ever old Pug Maskery was, but I do b'lieve I ain't too bad to be saved. I b'lieve Gord 'as saved me."

A long, loud cry of "Glory to God" arose from the little gathering, and Mrs. Salmon, her worn features all aglow with heavenly light, stole softly to the side of the penitent and led him to the rear of the meeting.

Saul then took up his place as speaker at the beck of Jemmy, who, with the keen perception born of long practice in these matters, saw perfectly how Saul's perfect unconventionality, deep Christian sympathy of look and tone, and abundantly manifested love of his fellow-men would appeal to an audience already prepared for such a message by the solemn proof of the Gospel's power which they had just witnessed.

"Dear friends," began the sailor, "Jesus Christ is longin' to bless ye. Just as a mother's heart yearns over her baby, only infinitely more tender, infinitely stronger than that poor human effort, so does the loving heart of God's Son yearn over you now. My dear Master and loving Lord, these poor souls are so hungry for you; like lost children wandering in the night they stretch out blind hands and feel after the Consoler; oh, satisfy their unknowing needs, dear Friend of all mankind.

"You stand ready for this blessing, but you're in much danger of losin' it. For the tempter is whisperin', Don't be rash, take your time, reflect, to some; while to others he imparts a certain stolid attitude of dull wonder, against which the simple message of 'Come to Jesus' beats vainly. . . . ."

Suddenly the speaker's voice ceased, his bronzed face took on a deeper flush, big tears burst from his eyes and rolled rapidly down his cheeks as with dumb appeal he spread out his arms to the people. He saw how inadequate his words were to express what was so apparent to his mental vision; he felt something of the Master's burden of the woes of others; he heard reverberating through the air the cries of the overburdened and hopeless victims of the world's harsh ways. And these things overcame him, took from him all power of speech, but left him what under the circumstances was far more effectual, the magnetic attraction of deepest sympathy with his hearers, plainly to be seen and felt by them all.

The results were amazing. Men and women in dozens, their last defences of insular reserve broken down, pressed forward claiming the gift of God. The patch of shabby, hard-trampled common became a sanctuary where rows of returning prodigals were embraced by the long-suffering Father, and the whole atmosphere was surcharged with happiness.

A praise-meeting was immediately held, in which many joined who had never praised God before, and afterward, breaking up into little groups, men and women exchanged confidences and experiences with a freedom and overflowing sympathy entirely new and strange, while bursts of song arose from hearts whose music could not be restrained. Into those gray lives the rainbow hues of the breaking of God's day had penetrated, and like song-birds at sunrise they must needs lift up their voices and welcome the light.

Gladly would Jemmy have welcomed the concourse into the "Hall," but it was impossible; there was not room for the half of them. But, singing as they went, the happy crowd accompanied the instruments of their release to the door of the little place, and there, with many handshakings and "God bless you's," they parted for the night, each to go his or her own way and meditate upon the wonderful work wrought by the love of God.

CHAPTER XII.

SAUL'S DEPARTURE.

There was a touching little gathering in Jemmy's parlour the next evening. All day long the hearts of all concerned in the work of the little mission had been like a choir of tiny angels, in spite of the numberless

fretting annoyances of their daily life. Even Joe Jimson, the captious stevedore, found himself less disposed to feel aggrieved at the small active part he had taken in the recent open-air work, and occasionally moved to lift up his voice in strident song, an inclination which he manfully repressed for fear of the effect which it might have upon his irreverent gang of cargo-handlers. Captain Stevens, of the tug, started off that morning at 4 a.m. on a short cruise down the river with a face that fairly glowed with delight, while from his bearded lips there issued a strange series of sounds not unlike the buzzing of a hive of bees under the hot sunshine of a July noon.

But when the little parlour was full of all those who could come to bid Saul Andrews farewell there was a notable fall in the spiritual barometer. They all, not even excluding Jimson, loved him well, and felt the parting with him sorely. He was, they felt, one of their own prizes, won from out of the gape of the dragon by their own humble instrumentality. And since his conversion he had walked so humbly and consistently with his God, his help and teaching had been so valuable to them, and his influences so entirely good, that all felt on his departure a sense of bereavement that was very hard to bear. Jemmy, of course, was hardest hit, for he and Saul had grappled each other to their hearts with hooks of steel, a mutual bond none the less enduring because Saul was fully alive to Jemmy's many defects.

The pair sat side by side, hand in hand, at Jemmy's table, while Saul haltingly uttered a few words of caressing farewell. He was due on board that night, in order to be ready for the early morning tide, when at daybreak the great portals of the East India Dock would open and let out the huge "Asteroid" for the commencement of her long voyage round the world. Solemnly he exhorted his brethren to fight against the devil of envy, the devil of jealousy, the temptations to spiritual pride. Touchingly he besought them to abide in love one towards another, and then, inviting them all to kneel with him, he lifted up his heart in tenderest, simplest supplication that the Lord would mightily bless each and all of them in all their ways. And then, one by one, they passed out into the gloom of Lupin Street, each leaving with him as they shook hands some little token of regard—a book, a pair of socks or mittens, a muffler, and such like trifles.

Hardest of all was his parting with Jemmy and Mrs. Maskery. The latter, softened almost to tears, took his few quietly uttered, warning words in submissive silence. "Jemmy's got his faults, like all of us," he said, "but you know better'n any of us how close he has got to the mind of our Father. Don't forget that, 'specially when he tries your temper very hard. God bless you both and make you very helpful to each other, bearing each other's burdens, and looking forward to the glory a-follerin'. I know I ain't very clear in my expressions, but I b'lieve you know what I mean. Now I must go. I won't ask ye to think of me, 'cause I'm sure y' always do, but I do ask you t' pray for me, 'cause I've got a long, heavy job ahead, an' it cheers me to know 'at there's dear ones at home liftin' up their 'earts t' God for me. No," as Jemmy made to get his coat and hat, "no, you mustn't come with me. What's th' use of makin' th' partin' any harder than it need be? I'll say, 'God be with you all evermore, Amen,' here." And wringing their hands, Saul stepped out into the night.

Slinking forms, both male and female, waylaid Saul without hindering him. Their muttered remarks passed his ears without entering, and one hour after leaving his friends at Lupin Street he climbed on board the "Asteroid" and entered the berth he was to share for the voyage with the carpenter and sail-maker. A feeling of disgust, immediately suppressed, swept over him as he opened the door and struck a match, for the atmosphere within was foul with the horrible smells of drunkenness—his two berth-mates being stretched, fully clothed, in their respective bunks, stertorously exhaling the fumes of their last debauch. And as he looked at them he remembered how he had so recently been, as they were, tied and bound by an awful chain which he had no power to break, but which at the touch of the Loving One had fallen from him as did Peter's in the prison of old.

Very deftly and quickly he arranged his sleeping-place and prepared his working rig for the morning; then, lighting his own little candle-lamp that he had rigged up that day, he turned in, and with a sigh of contentment, as the sweetness of the

rest to his body stole over him, he opened his well-worn Bible, and a great peace flooded his whole being.

His eyes grew tired, and sleep came stealing gently over him, so he laid his book upon the shelf over his head, and in a few simple sentences claimed once more his Father's blessing and protection for the dear ones he was leaving, confidently asked for grace and courage to fulfil his appointed tasks, and offered up his glad tribute of praise. Then, with the murmured "Thank God, thank God!" exhaling from his bearded lips like sweet perfume, he sank into childlike sleep, an utterly happy man.

Before the pale and cheerless dawn broke, with an accompaniment of furious squalls of bitter rain, Saul started up from his pleasant, dreamless sleep at the voice of the watchman whose duty it was to rouse the officers at the appointed time for getting under weigh. With a cheery "All right!" he sprang out of his bunk, lit his pipe, and dressed with marvellous celerity, smoking vigorously the while. His movements, no less than the bright cheerfulness of his face, made him a strong contrast to his two most wretched berth-mates. For not only were their recent excesses clamouring for renewal, but the sudden awakening out of that deep slumber into which they had fallen overnight, with their brains all awhirl, had set all their nerves jumping so that their fingers could hardly fasten up their clothing. Their eyes were dim and gummy, their faces drawn and twitching, while every few seconds their leathery tongues roamed fruitlessly round their dried-up mouths, vainly seeking a little moisture. With their energetic and cheery shipmate they exchanged not a word after the sudden "G'mornin'" with which they had replied to his first salutation, and he, wisely, did not press conversation upon them, seeing that it was almost necessary for them to keep their mouths tight shut, lest groans should escape and shame them. Suddenly Saul laid down his pipe, completed his rig by putting on his sou'wester, and stepped out into the tempestuous morning. Making his way aft, he found Mr. Carroll, the mate, in his berth, taking a cup of hot coffee while waiting for his bo'sun's arrival.

It is always rather an anxious time for such a responsible officer as the mate of a ship, and especially a big sailing ship, the period of finding out what kind of men his subordinates are. Especially is this the case with respect to the bo'sun. Upon this petty officer, whose work is almost exactly comparable with that of a foreman upon a building, depends very much of the mate's comfort. The bo'sun, who, by the unwritten laws of sea etiquette, takes his orders from the mate alone, is the man who, after the master, makes or mars the mate's happiness. Therefore, when Mr. Carroll looked up from his table and saw Saul standing in the doorway, his quick glance took in at a flash the alert, upright figure, the bright, pleasant face, and keen eye, and he breathed more freely.

"Mornin', bo'sun," said he, "you're very punctual."

"Good mornin', sir," replied Saul, "hopes you'll alwus find me so, sir. Any special orders, sir?"

"No, not yet, bo'sun," thoughtfully returned the mate. "Anyhow, not till we see what the crowd's like. Most of 'em drunk, I s'pose, as usual. Turn 'em to as soon as you can, an' let's see what they're like. An' keep the decks as clear as you can. If there is one thing more than another that riles me, it's seein' the decks all littered up goin' out o' dock. It's bad at any time, but then, I think, it's worst of all. So do what you can, bo'sun, to keep things clear. Rainin' pretty hard, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," answered Saul dubiously; "looks 's if there's a lot o' dirt about. But it's gettin' lighter, that's one comfort. Well, sir, if you've no more orders at present, I'll be gettin' 'em started."

"Yes, do, bo'sun, and I'll be along in about five minutes. Oh, have a drink 'fore you start?"

"No, thank you, sir, I don't touch it," said Saul earnestly. "I've had all I want. I find I can't take a little and done with it, so I take none an' keep on the safe side. No offence, I hope, sir."

"Not likely," cheerily answered the mate; "it's mighty good news to me, I give you my word. But I guess you'll have a pretty tough time with Chips and Sails. They've been in the ship three voyages, and while they're as good men at their trade as ever I want to go fishin' with, they are about the worst kind of soakers I ever came across. They just can't take a nip an' done with it. Well, start the boys now, bo'sun, please."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded Saul, and disappeared. Striding forward, he put his head in at the port fo'csle door, and in his deepest tones of command

shouted, "Turn to, there." He then went to the starboard door and repeated his order, noting as he did so that four or five men were sitting under the dim light shed by the miserable lamp, drinking their coffee, while the rest of the crew were either lying on the deck in various limp and uncomfortable attitudes or invisible in the gloom of their bunks. But after the immemorial custom obtaining in British merchant ships he retreated, to give them a few minutes' grace in which to pull themselves together. In an American or a Canadian vessel there would have been no such latitude. Upon the word, those ordered must jump or be jumped upon—assailed with boot, fist, belaying-pin, or handspike. And knowing this, men shipping on board these vessels are disinclined to tempt fortune by dilatory behaviour.

Now, while Saul was awaiting the pleasure of the crew—for it amounted to that and no less—his mind was exceedingly busy. The old enemy was assailing him with insidious suggestions of the difficulty awaiting him should the men over whom he was placed be, as is so often the case, sullen, unruly, and lazy. Would he dare to use force, and, if not, how would he get himself obeyed? In either case, how would his reputation as a Christian stand? It was a stiff problem, and for a moment, but only for a moment, it staggered him. Then his heart went up in unuttered request for assistance—for wisdom to do the right thing at the right time, and while he was yet asking, the assurance came.

Ample time having been allowed the men to get out, he stepped forward briskly with a stentorian shout of "Now, then, all hands, out with you, an' get ship unmoored. Out with you." Two or three slouching forms lolled over the step of the fo'csle door rather than stepped out, muttering hardly articulate blasphemy on this rude disturber of their peace who was actually daring to do his duty in ordering them to do theirs. Immediately Saul strode towards them, saying sternly: "Get to your work at once. Inside, say what you like; on deck, you're under my command, and while I'm able to stand up I'll see you keep a civil tongue an' do what you've signed for, see?"

These words, uttered in a firm, clear, and manly voice, brought all the rest of the crowd on the deck except those who were helplessly drunk, and as they came Saul's orders flew like hail. There were no pauses for consultation on the part of the puzzled crew or for the formulating of hasty plans by the bo'sun. No; the work went steadily forward without a hitch, and presently, in the midst of the driving rain, the howling wind, and the shouting of orders, men found time to murmur to one another, "Say, this hyer bo'sun of ours do know 'is work, don't 'e?"

He certainly did know his work, and, true to his recent training, did it with all his might, neither sparing himself nor those under his orders. And so it came about that with far less trouble or confusion, and far less expense to the owners for outside help than is usual, the "Asteroid" was conveyed riverward until at the outer lock gates the big tug "Cestrian," with Skipper Stevens in command, backed up and took her hawser. Easily, gracefully, she turned, and then, like a horse that has been fretted by constant windings through the tortuous ways of a town and has at last emerged into the free, straight way of the country road, the "Asteroid" sped seaward under the friendly stress of the powerful auxiliary ahead.

As the stress of duty slackened somewhat, Saul's tact needed all its exercise to keep the peace. For, as always, there were some willing fellows among the crew who, once they were started, found it not merely easy, but pleasant to do what they were told to the best of their ability, and there were others who, no matter what the duties in hand might be, would shirk them if they could; who would always step aside to let some one else do what should have been done by them. And these fellows now, at the first sign of slackening strain, dodged into the fo'csle, leaving the willing ones to do whatever was to be done, while they, the lean kine of the ship, lurked in darksome corners hugging themselves that they were escaping some of the work, at any rate.

On board ship it will ever be found that the good, earnest sailor will do far more than he ought, while the loafing, blaspheming wastrel goes easy. Quite naturally, because no officer likes to be constantly wrestling with calculated rascality, and will always, no matter how he feels, sooner or later, take the line of least resistance for his own personal comfort. On board British merchant ships, grievous as it is to have to say it, blackguardism is at a premium, and

if a man will only give his mind to being truculent and disorderly he will be sure, with the rarest exceptions, of having an easy time; while his shipmates, who have decent desires, and a fellow-feeling for those whom accident has placed in authority over them, will lead a hard life.

All these facts were perfectly well known to Saul, of course, and ever since his conversion he had been promising himself that when, if ever, he attained a position of command, he would, by God's help, use all his endeavours to prevent such a state of things from existing under him. His keen eye soon detected the absence of certain members of his crew whom he had mentally noted before as being "slack in stays." And leaving those who were at work to get on with their tasks by themselves for awhile, he went in search of the black sheep. The first one he found was reclining comfortably in a corner of the fo'csle with pipe in full blast, and a look of utter indifference on his face. To him Saul suddenly entered with the crisp remark, "Now, then, young man, you're in the wrong place. I want the work finished, and when it's knock-off time I'll let you know."

He looked up nonchalantly at Saul, saying, "Me nairves demand a verse o' th' poipe at reg'lar intervals t' kape 'em in orrdher, an' ef yez don't like me little ways yez kin just git t' 'ell out ov it an' lave me recover. Me name's Larry Doolan, an' I come from Scotland Road, an' I don't take any nigger-dhrivin' frum any ——— lime-juicer afloat, d'ye moind."

Saul listened patiently, and when he had finished for all answer took two steps towards him, seized him by waist and neck, and hurled him on deck. He fell in a heap, dazed. When he recovered he struggled to his feet and made a blind rush at the quiet man before him, his mouth full of cursing, and red murder in his heart. But he was met by two fists as grimly irresistible as a stone wall would have been. And as he staggered back, once more Saul's quiet, certain voice penetrated his ears: "You'd better get on with the work, and not try and impose on your shipmates. You'll only get badly hurt if you keep on as you're goin'." This self-evident fact was so very clear to him that after a momentary pause he turned and walked aft to where a little group of men were busy lashing some spars in the starboard scuppers, and without another word he joined in the work.

Turning sharply round to go and seek for the rest of his flock, Saul was confronted by the mate, his face wreathed in smiles. "Bo'sun," he said, "you're a man. If ever you're in any difficulty with these chaps (but I don't think you will be), just count on me to the last ounce. I don't know how the old man is, for this is my first voy'ge with him, but the second mate's all right, and I believe that you and he and I can make as comfortable a ship of this as a man needs to have under his feet."

"Thank ye, sir," replied Saul. "I'll do my best with the help of God to make things go smoothly. But to do that I can see that maybe things will go a bit rough at first. There's a lot more chaps loafing around somewhere, I'm sure. I'm going t' look for 'em. An' if you don't mind, sir, I'd like you just t' stand around and wait till they come out." Mr. Carroll just nodded assent, and Saul dived into the darksome den. Presently sounds of trouble were heard, and one by one haggard, unkempt figures appeared, muttering curses, but making haste to obey. Finally, Saul reappeared smiling. Approaching the mate, he said quietly: "I think that's all of 'em, sir, an' from what I can see they won't give much more trouble."

(To be continued.)

TWILIGHT IN THE CITY.

The violent billows of the tide of day,
Unintermittent in their thunder tone,
Have fallen at last into a minor moan,
Like a retreating surf-sound far away.
The sunset sky shades softly into grey,
And a faint breeze from off the ocean blown
Up the long avenues of cruel stone,
Brings soothing reminiscences of spray.

The strenuous step relaxes; everywhere,
E'en if the eye the swarming purlieus scan,
Twilight bequeaths its purple peace for boon;
See, in the corner of yon squalid square,
Where nimble elves, of rags and dirt and tan,
Dance gleeful to some hurdy-gurdy tune!

THE PROBLEM OF THE JEW.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the most striking things in the history of the United States is its ability to convert into patriotic Americans its ten million immigrants from the Old World with more than ten million more of their descendants. In addition to the many social and economic problems before that country is that of assimilating the Jewish elements in its population. In the narrow limits of Manhattan Island are now assembled ten times as many Jews as in the whole of Palestine, more than in all Roumania, and far more than in the most populous Jewish city in the world. Every fourth man one meets in Manhattan borough is a Jew. The uptown Jews are mostly of German origin, many of whom have won great wealth. It is said that of twelve hundred merchants in Broadway a thousand are Jews. A glance at the signs bearing such names as Cohen, Rosenbaum, Goldschmidt and other Hebrew patronymics illustrates this fact.

But the recent invasion of over half a million Jews driven out of Russia, Roumania, and south-eastern Europe by the fierce hand of persecution presents the Jewish problem in an acute form. Most of these exiles are children of poverty. They overcrowd the already crowded east-side tenement houses and make that region the most densely peopled on the face of the earth. A similar condition confronts also the city of London.

We are intensely interested in the Jewish problem. We have visited the oldest and most famous ghettos and synagogues of Rome, Vienna, Prague and other Jewish centres of Europe, but we never saw such magnificence of marble and mosaic, of bronze and gold as in the Fifth Avenue Synagogue in New York.

The service at the synagogue was exceedingly impressive, the prayers, the readings, the responses, in both Hebrew and English, the music which is said to come down from the times of King Solomon, were noble and dignified. The sermon on the fatherhood of God was able and eloquent. It affirmed that this great doctrine was a message not merely to the Jew, the Christian or the Moslem, but to all mankind. But there was a certain aloofness, as if God were afar off and not nigh at hand, and we felt, as never before, how in the incarnation of our Lord the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men.

By contrast, the hundreds of synagogues in the down-town Jewish quarter are pitiful in the extreme. Nowhere have we seen more characteristic Jewish types, the comely Rachels and Rebeccas, the venerable Isaacs and Jacobs of the Hebrew race, than in the ghetto of New York.

The Funk & Wagnalls' Jewish Encyclopedia is the most comprehensive presentation of all Jewish questions ever published. We have already reviewed it in these pages.

Mr. Hapgood's "Spirit of the Ghetto" gives a very vivid impression of conditions of Jewish life in New York. These people are intensely religious. The older of them at least keep up the traditions which for ages have made them a peculiar people. They still celebrate the day of Passover and day of Atonement, the feasts of the Tabernacle and of Purim. They bind on their phylacteries, don the

---

* "Dreamers of the Ghetto." By I. Zangwill. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

"The Spirit of the Ghetto." Studies of the Jewish Quarter in New York. By Hutchins Hapgood. With drawings from life by Jacob Epstein. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 312. Price, $1.35 net.

"In the Gates of Israel." Stories of the Jews. By Herman Bernstein. New York: J. F. Taylor & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 316. Price, $1.50.

"Americans in Process." A Settlement Study by Resident Associates of the South End House. Edited by Robert A. Woods, Head of the House, North and West Ends, Boston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-389. Price, $1.50 net.

"The Jewish Encyclopædia." Large 8vo. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Vols. I. and II. $6.00 per vol.

"Justice to the Jew." By the Rev. Madison C. Peters. New York: Tennyson Neely. Toronto: William Briggs.

prayer shawl, and teach the children the meaning of their ancient ceremonies. They observe the minutiæ of the ritual as to what they eat and drink. They are often fanatical and bigoted. But the younger generation seem in danger of drifting away from the religion and, in consequence, from the morality of their fathers; rejecting both Judaism and Christianity, they are in danger of becoming infidels and anarchists.

The public schools are substituting for the narrow training in the traditions of the elders the broad outlook of science and literature and are reconstructing Jewish society. We recently visited one of these great institutions in the heart of the ghetto. The swarms of black-eyed little Jewish lads and lasses were alert to their finger-tips and mobile as mercury. They leave far behind boys and girls of other faiths and races, and many work their way through the high schools, colleges and universities. There are hundreds of lawyers, doctors, dentists, journalists, both men and women, among the Jews of New York.

Mr. Hapgood describes with a sympathetic pen the prophets without honour, the learned rabbis who are left adrift in their archaic lore by the ebb of the tide; the remarkable developments of Jewish literature; its Yiddish papers, some of them socialistic and anarchic in character; its poets and novelists, its artists and actors; its faults and its failings, its merits and promise. There are in the Bowery three Jewish theatres where the sacred Hebrew characters set forth on the bill-boards the Biblical plays or the humours of the day. The cost of the maintenance of one of these is over $70,000 a year. One of the Yiddish dramatists has written a hundred and sixty-seven plays, some of them adaptations from English or German, but all in the Yiddish jargon which, with the growth of education, is destined to disappear. The numerous drawings from life by Jacob Epstein, a young Jewish artist, catch the very spirit of the ghetto, of its cafes and sweat-shops, its synagogues and homes.

Mr. Herman Bernstein in his Jewish stories makes the Jews speak for themselves. Their intensely religious character is set forth with a strange blending of piety and superstition. The following evening prayer, which is thrice repeated, illustrates this: "'In the name of the Lord of Israel! On my right side is Michael, on my left is Gabriel, before me Uriel, behind me Raphael, and over my head the eye of God.' Almost mechanically, too, do they repeat the formula: 'For Thy help do I hope, O Lord! I hope, O Lord, for Thy help! O Lord, for Thy help do I hope!'

Nothing excites such horror in an old Jewish cantor, or leader of the synagogue devotions, as the news that his son has become a Christian, and worst of all, a missionary to the Jews. "'Creator of the Universe!' muttered Moses, closing his eyes. 'What have I done to bring down upon us Thy wrath without end?' It was worse a thousand times than the most dreadful form of death. Their fanatical ritualism is thus illustrated: A renegade son had lit a candle and thus virtually kindled a fire on the Sabbath. The Jewish community was scandalized.

"'A candle—on the Sabbath!—fire—on the Sabbath!' went about in the crowd.

"'He deserves to be stoned—the heathen!' another suggested with a fiery look.

"'A sudden death upon him for breaking the Sabbath!'

"The community was outraged. The mother wept, the father looked stern, unmoved, the children cried aloud. It was worse than a funeral—it was like burying one's child alive."

Yet the orthodox Jew often makes great sacrifice in order to keep the Sabbath. Many of them close their shops on both Saturday and Sunday. We knew a poor Jew in Hamilton, living in a van, who every Saturday displayed a notice: "The Lord our God hath commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath day," and he lost two days' work in every week. His little boy of eight was religiously trained in the Bible, which he could read fluently in English, German, and Hebrew.

An important section in Mr. Woods' "Americans in Process" describes the problem of foreign population and its moulding into American citizenship in Boston. The South End and West End, once the aristocratic quarter, the home of the early Puritans, has become a congested region in which are twenty-five different nationalities. Of these the Jews and Italians are most numerous. As elsewhere, the Jewish children are the brightest in the schools, the men the most aggressive in business, most amenable to law, furnishing almost no paupers or crim-

inals. Not one of them conducts a saloon and very few ever visit one. Their thrift, however, sometimes degenerates into miserliness, their industry into sweat-shops, their merchandise ranges from junk and rubbish to jewellery and diamonds. Their fondness for precious goods is a tradition of the times when, to avoid spoliation, they had to flee by night and conceal their goods about their persons.

Its negro population is another aspect of the problem of great cities. Herded in squalid slums, where they mix only with the worst whites, many of them are vicious and vile. But, on the other hand, says Mr. Woods, "the story of the ascent of the black man is unparalleled in rapidity with that of the more favoured race." The benefit of mission work among these foreign populations is in this book strikingly set forth. An Italian Methodist Church in North End, Boston, has an enrollment of over five hundred. The Epworth League settlement in Little Italy has accomplished great good. It has a medical mission, by means of which two doctors and two nurses are kept busy visiting the sick poor.

In North End Boston ninety per cent. of the school population are Hebrew and Italian. School-houses are made social centres, centres of evening instruction and a means of uplift to the people. In some schools baths are furnished and the experiment has been tried with success of having trained nurses to give treatment at the school or in the home to children who would otherwise be kept out of the school through sickness.

The Irish emigrants take with avidity to American politics, become "heelers" and ward bosses, perhaps aldermen, and not seldom threaten the interests of the residential districts or down-town business that leaves municipal politics to the foreigner. The saloons are chiefly run and largely maintained by this somewhat turbulent element. Mr. Woods appeals to the comfortable congregations "for a large, free, adventurous movement which in the name of the one God and a common humanity shall address itself to the greatest of all, the city's spiritual needs."

This book was written by ladies and gentlemen of the settlement houses among the poor who have a perfect knowledge of the important social problems which they discuss. Numerous coloured maps showing the nationalities, style of building, industrial grades, charitable institutions and the like of these congested centres are given.

While mission work among the Jews is particularly difficult it has nevertheless had great success. Over 250,000 have been won to Christianity, and over five hundred sons of Israel are preaching the religion of Jesus, whom they once despised.

THE JEWS OF BUCHAREST.

BY EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

"Take heed! the stairs are worn and damp!"
My soft-tongued Southern guardian said,
And held more low his twinkling lamp
To light my cautious, downward tread.
Where that uncertain radiance fell
The bat in startled circles flew;
Sole tenant of the sunless cell
Our fathers fashioned for the Jew.

Yet, painted on the aching gloom,
I saw a hundred dreadful eyes,
As out of their forgotten tomb
Its pallid victims seemed to rise.
With fluttered heart and crisping hair
I stood those crowding ghosts amid,
And thought what raptures of despair
The soundless granite walls had hid.

I saw their arsenal of crime:
The rack, the scourge, the gradual fire,
Where priestly hangmen of old time
Watched their long-tortured prey expire.
Then by dim warders darkling led
Through many a rocky corridor,
Like one that rises from the dead,
I pass into the light once more.

And does a careless brother say
We stir this ancient dust in vain,
When palaced Bucharest to-day
Sees the same devil loose again;

Again her busy highways wake
To the old persecuting cry
Of men who for their Master's sake
His chosen kindred crucify.

There oft the midnight hours are loud
With echoes of pursuing feet;
As fired with bright zeal the crowd
Goes raving down the Ghetto's street:
The broken shutters rending crash
That lets the sudden riot in,
And shows, by those red torches' flash,
The shrinking fugitives within.

But here are tales of deeper shame!
Of law insulted and defied,
While Force, usurping Justice' name,
Takes boldly the oppressor's side.
The bread whose bitterness so long
These sons of hated race have known;
Familiar, oft-repeated wrong
That turns the living heart to stone.

Still Zion City lies forlorn:
And still the Stranger in our gates,
A servant to the younger born,
For his long-promised kingdom waits.
O Brethren of the outer court,
Entreat him well and speak him fair;
The form that makes your thoughtless sport
Our coming Lord hath deigned to wear.

—The Spectator.

DEWET ON THE WAR.*

NO book from the Boer point of view has been awaited with such interest as that of its most notable general, Christiaan Rudolf DeWet. It is published simultaneously in eight or nine different countries. Dr. Briggs has shown his characteristic enterprise and energy in securing for our connexional house the Canadian issue of this important work. General DeWet dedicates his book to his "fellow-subjects of the British Empire." To the Boers he addresses one last word: "Be loyal to the new Government! Loyalty pays best in the end. Loyalty alone is worthy of a Nation which has shed its blood for Freedom!"

His book is one of fascinating interest. It is written with extreme frankness and gives an inside view of the councils of the Boers. We want no better vindication than this book offers of the justice of Britain's contention in this unhappy war and her clemency in its conduct.

In September, 1899, says DeWet, the burghers of the Free State were notified to be in readiness for active service, with horses, arms, ammunition and provender. On October 2nd they were ordered out. This was nine days before the expiration of Kruger's ultimatum to Great Britain. DeWet took part in the siege of Ladysmith, of which he has little to say. Indeed the sieges of Mafeking, Kimberley and Ladysmith are among the most inglorious episodes in the war. The employment of two thousand Kaffirs to dam the Klip River and drive out the fever and famine-smitten women and children, stormed at with shot and shell, from their burrows in the earth, is no credit to the valour or chivalry of the Boers. He has little to say of the fight at Paardeberg which the Canadian troops so bravely won, save to blame Cronje for not adopting the policy of flight which DeWet so conspicuously displayed during the war. At Poplar Grove a panic seized his own men and a wild flight ensued. He modestly claims that the Boers taught the English how to fight, but it took considerable instruction to make the Boers leave their cumbrous waggon trains and adopt the mobile methods of swift dashes and retreats of mounted sharpshooters. "We had," he says, "to be quick at fighting, quick at reconnoitring, quick (if it became necessary) at flying!" Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener come in for a good deal of criticism.

DeWet was very eager to have the Cape Colonists fight against England, but it "vexed him greatly" that any of these should fight against the Boers. He has the grace to say that "many a time when flying he felt so degraded that he could scarcely look a child in the face." He defends the "uitschudden"—the stripping of the enemy by the Boers, the robbing of the prisoners, the wounded, the dying and the dead, and clothing themselves in the khaki uniform, because England had put a stop to their imports and cut off their supplies. "Although there was nothing," he says, "I relished less than to rob a prisoner of war."

He exults in the fact that at Roodewal he captured and destroyed the British stores to the value of three and a half million dollars. He was asked to allow the letters to be forwarded. He refused, but allowed the burghers to pillage the post-bags. "The burghers were busily engaged in looting," he says. "It was winter, and we managed to burn their (the enemy's) warm clothing. The English would certainly feel the want of it."

He devoted himself specially to destroying the railways and blowing up the trains, and well-nigh captured, he says, Lord Kitchener in one such attempt. He invented a device which could be hidden under a sleeper so that the passing train would be blown up. "It was terrible," he says, "to take human lives. Still, however fearful, it was not contrary to the rules of civilized warfare," that is, as DeWet interpreted them. "It was painful," he adds, "to see the railway line and not be able to do any damage to it. I had made it a rule never to be in the neighbourhood of a railway without interrupting the enemy's means of communication."

He raised a great outcry against the "devastation" of the country by the British, but he set the example himself. The winter grass

* "Three Years' War." (October, 1899—June, 1902). By Christiaan Rudolf DeWet. With portrait and maps. Westminster: Archibald Constable & Co. Ltd. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 520. Price, $1.50 net, postage extra.

on the veldt was dry and very inflammable. "I decided," he says, "to set fire to it in order that the English might find it impossible to find pasture for their oxen and cattle. Very soon the country was black." Some time after this, he writes, "We found good horse provender and plenty of it. It was not yet the habit of the English to burn everything they come across."

After the surrender of Bloemfontein Lord Roberts let thousands of the Boers return to their farms on surrendering their weapons. But his lordship trusted their honour too implicitly. Many of them concealed their Mausers and gave up old flintlocks. Many others having sworn neutrality again took up arms for the burghers. Indeed DeWet says, "Lord Roberts was my best recruiting officer." DeWet states that at one time two hundred Mausers were rescued from the ash-heap and repaired for burgher use. Nearly three thousand burghers, he says, took arms and broke the oath of neutrality. This he defends, because Lord Roberts required that the neutrals should report to the British should Boer commandoes cross their farms and fined them for destroying the railway or telegraph lines. For similar offences the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war hung up the "franc-tireurs" to the nearest telegraph pole and burned their houses, and General Sheridan laid waste the richest regions of Georgia.

The General, we think, magnifies some of the perils through which he passed. At Springhaansnek a burgher army of eight thousand men ran the gauntlet between two forts one thousand to twelve hundred paces distant, over a plain on which "there was absolutely no cover, while a storm of bullets was poured in from both sides; yet no single man was killed and only one wounded." This is a little too much in the vein of "Captain Bobadil."

He arranged a plan to effectually "settle" the English, which, however, he failed to carry out. Again and again he endeavoured to invade Cape Colony and raise the Boer rebels, but after being harried like a fox in the jungle he was glad to skulk back. As they crossed the broad, black river the burghers cried, "Never will we return; no more of the colony for us."

He scoffs at the blockhouse policy, which might well have been called, he says, "the policy of the blockhead." Yet before this policy was adopted the railway trains were dynamited every day for months, but afterwards no such destruction occurred.

Again in the vein of "Captain Bobadil" he writes a chapter: "I cut my way through sixty thousand troops." Sixty thousand troops converging on an area of twenty miles in diameter, in a country as large as the whole of France, would furnish one thousand per mile, or one every two paces. Against this thin line at its thinnest part in a black and stormy night he threw his whole force of several hundred men with six hundred cattle, cut the wires and crept through in the dark. "'When shall we come to the blockhouses?' asked a burgher. 'Oh, we are through long ago,' I answered." And this was how he "cut his way through sixty thousand troops."

General DeWet has certainly broken the record in skill in running away. He seldom, he says, if ever, slept in a house, and was continually on the move. The country was filled with his spies, who kept him posted as to the movements of the British. He admitted that he sometimes used the sjambok on his burghers to force them to fight.

The most interesting section of this book is that describing the peace negotiations and the end of the war. These are given in detail in an appendix of over a hundred pages. At the end of the war, he says, they had twenty thousand burghers in the field. Forty thousand had been made prisoners, and many thousand killed or disabled. Yet he declares they began the war with only forty-five thousand. Notwithstanding the "devastation" of the British, General Beighers declared there was grain enough for the whole of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. General Badenhurst said there were cattle enough to last his commandoes for years, even if they had no other food at all. General Smoots declared that there were twenty-six hundred Boers under arms in Cape Colony and that the Cape rebels had kept fifty thousand British troops occupied. Other generals gave a less favourable report. They were bitterly disappointed in the lack of intervention. They got "sympathy" from the nations of Europe and nothing more.

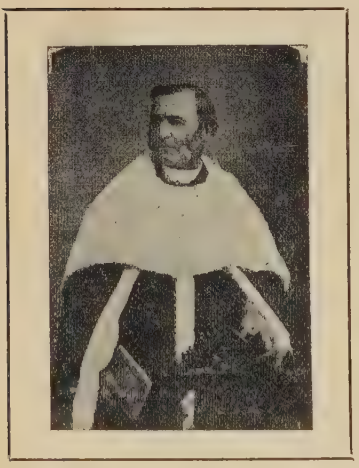
The Boers haggled and higgled over the peace terms and endeavoured to drive a hard bargain with Lords Kitchener and Milner. They offered to surrender parts of their country,

the whole of which had been annexed by the British. They offered to submit to a British "protectorate" or "supervision," but Milner and Kitchener, though courteous and kind, were firm in refusing a vestige of independence.

The final meeting of the burghers was not without its pathos. They accepted the inevitable. DeWet had seen this result, he said, from the very beginning, yet he was one of the most stubborn in resisting to the end, and was one of the last to yield. He met with a cordial, even enthusiastic reception in Britain, but got the cold shoulder in Germany, the Emperor refusing even to meet him.

Much may be pardoned a defeated soldier, but his book betrays at times a bitterness of spirit and vituperation towards the conquerors that does not tend to the peace and good-will which the British wish to establish in South Africa. In no other country, we think, would he be allowed to publish unchallenged, such a book. He is specially bitter against what he calls the "war upon women," although he declares he was unable to look after his own family. The British gathered into refuge camps nearly a hundred thousand of refugees, old men, women and children, erected tents and houses, furnished food and clothing, doctors and nurses, chapels and teachers; thus many thousands of lives were saved. More children were taught than were in school at any time of peace. Meanwhile many thousands of Boers, relieved of the care of their families, were waging implacable war upon their protectors. The world never saw such an example of clemency before.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



BISHOP TEMPLE.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury.

It is a good many decades since the dingy palace which Wolsey built across the Thames has housed a man of more typical English temper, of greater courage, and of more force than Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died at Lambeth Palace last week. Among the many forceful and interesting personalities who have crowded English public life during the last half of the last century, Dr. Temple held a foremost position. Born on one of the Ionian Islands in 1821, the son of a Governor of Sierra Leone, Dr. Temple, unlike most Englishmen of his position, was compelled to make his own way in the world. At seventeen he was thrown upon his own resources. "I have known," he says, "what it was to go without a fire because I could not afford one; and I have worn patched clothes and boots." As a boy and youth he knew at first hand the hard work of the farm; but he was fortunate in securing what was absolutely essential for his later career, a thorough education. He went to the Grammar School at Tiverton, and subsequently to Oxford, where he made his mark and became scholar of Balliol, the Oxford college. His election as Fellow and Mathematical Tutor of Balliol gave him six additional years of study in the seclusion and the stimulating atmosphere of Oxford. He was ordained to the ministry in 1846; two years later he became Principal of the training college for teachers at Kneller Hall. In 1855 he became Instructor of Schools, and three years later was chosen the head master of the Rugby School, a position which he held for eleven years. His masterful hand was felt in every department of the school; and the two sides of his nature—his keen sense of justice and his bluntness of manner—were both expressed in the well-known phrase of the Rugby boy who wrote

to his father: "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast."

When the famous volume of "Essays and Reviews" appeared in 1860, Dr. Temple's initial essay on "The Education of the World" drew a fire of criticism; and the book was the centre of a hotly contested battle of opinions. Two of the essayists were tried and finally acquitted. Dr. Temple's essay, which was regarded as extraordinarily radical at the time of its publication, was a very cautious acceptance of the general idea of progression in the revelation of truth, and its positions are to-day almost universally accepted.

When Mr. Gladstone, in 1868, nominated Dr. Temple as Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey declared that the selection of Dr. Temple was "the most frightful enormity that had ever been perpetrated by a Prime Minister." Dr. Temple's election was confirmed, and for seventeen years he put his whole strength into the many-sided work of an English Bishop, doing everything with energy and decision. In 1885 he became Bishop of London, and, in spite of failing eyesight, he immediately made his mark on that vast diocese by the vigour and directness of his administration. Many stories were told of his bluntness. It used to be said that an interview with the Bishop of London consisted of three sentences on his part—"Who are you?" "What do you want?" "No."

On the death of Archbishop Benson, six years ago, Dr. Temple was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, being the twenty-seventh who has held a position second in dignity in the English order only to that of the sovereign. No Bishop in recent years had more perplexing and difficult questions to deal with. The Church has been shaken almost to its foundations during the last three years by the practices of the extreme ritualistic party, the claims of the pronounced Anglo-Catholics, and the vigorous opposition of the Protestant party in the Church; the disposition of great ecclesiastics to seek the safe rather than the bold course, to speak smooth rather than true things, which has so often brought reproach upon the Church, cannot be charged to Dr. Temple. He regarded himself as the head of a national Church, not the Archbishop of a party; and he stood for tolerance within what he regarded as the legitimate limits of freedom under the Church order and teaching.

Although an old man when he became Archbishop, Dr. Temple has left the mark of his energy and independence on the English Church. Up to the very end, in spite of increasing evidence of failing strength, he performed his duties with extraordinary vitality. The faintness which nearly overcame him during the long and complicated ceremonial of the coronation first directed public attention to his condition, and was the occasion of one of those acts of quick-witted courtesy which are so characteristic of the King. A second similar attack, to which Dr. Temple almost succumbed, in a recent speech on the Education Bill in the House of Lords, made it evident that the end was not far off. To the last of his life he lived up to the popular characterization as "The Grand Old Man of the English Church." With a strong and rugged face, large of stature, a brisk manner, speaking with great energy without notes in the most straightforward English, Dr. Temple was a debater of great skill. Indifferent to the applause of friends or the condemnation of opponents, more anxious to speak what he felt to be the truth than to please or placate, a man of force rather than of charm, of mental vigour rather than of intellectual greatness, but one whose very limitations had a certain tonic influence in a position the traditions of which all lead towards complaisant conservatism, Dr. Temple was a leader of the English Church in a great crisis in its history.—The Outlook.

Who else had dared for thee what I have dared?
I plunged the depth most deep from bliss above;
I not my flesh, I not my spirit spared;
Give thou Me love for love!

Nailed to the racking cross, than bed of down
More dear, whereon to stretch myself and sleep,
So did I win a kingdom—share My crown!
A harvest—come and reap!

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

THE GREATEST BOOK.

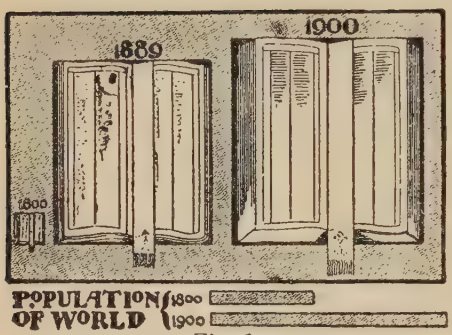


Fig. 1.

A writer in the *Sunday Magazine* indulges in a series of curious computations based upon the number of bibles now in circulation. This number he estimates upon good evidence to be about 200,000,000 copies. Reckoning the average size of the volumes to be 5 x 6½ x 1½ inches, he figures up 5,642,260 as the number of cubic feet of bibles in existence. With this enormous bulk could be built a wall of bibles six feet high, which would reach over four hundred miles, from New York to Buffalo or from London to Geneva, Switzerland.

If all the paper used in the greatest book were to be taken in one sheet, at the most modest computation some 518,123 acres would be required. Take them volume by volume, and their area would cover 1,036 acres.

Load them on merchant ships of average tonnage (1,340 tons), and a fleet of eighty vessels would be required to transport the volumes. And it should be remembered that in 1800, only a century ago, the world's stock of bibles was not more than 5,000,000.

In Fig. 1 the three open volumes in the upper portion of the diagram are drawn, as far as height and width are concerned, in proportion to the estimated number of bibles circulating in 1800 and 1889, and the number that experts declare existed throughout the world at the dawn of the twentieth century. In 1800, four years before the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded, the world possessed, notwithstanding the fact that no less than 1,326 editions were printed in the sixteenth century alone, only 5,000,000 copies of the greatest of books, and judging from the fact that 14,000 families in Sweden had not a single bible and that 50,000 inhabitants of Iceland had but 50 copies among them, these 5,000,000 must have been very unevenly distributed. By 1889, thanks to the various Bible Societies and the wonderful improvements in the printing press, the circulation of the holy book had multiplied almost thirty times.

In the lower portion of the diagram the lengths of the two columns are drawn in proportion to the population of the world in 1800 and 1900, and it can be seen at a glance that although the bible circulation had increased forty times during that period, the population of the world had also increased about two and one-third times, so that the net increase in the bible circulation—that is, the proportion of bibles to inhabitants—is about seventeen times what it was in 1800; in other words (see Fig. 2), whereas in 1800 there was only one copy to every 128 of the world's inhabitants, in 1900 there was one to every seven and a half, or three copies to every seven Christians on the earth. In order to show the relative values of these three numbers (128, 7½, 2½) graphically and clearly, the three squares in Fig. 2 are drawn in proportion to them.

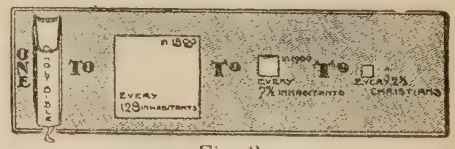


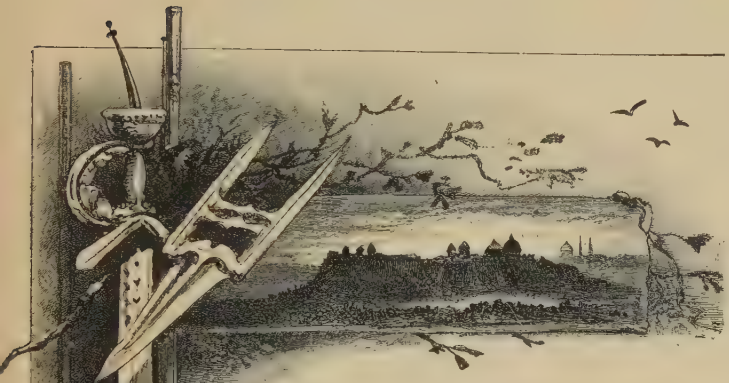
Fig. 2.

We live not in our moments or our years;
The present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet future, which we after find
Bitter to taste or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive;
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected, or unheeded, disappears.

Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things;
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

—*Trench.*

THE GREAT DURBAR.

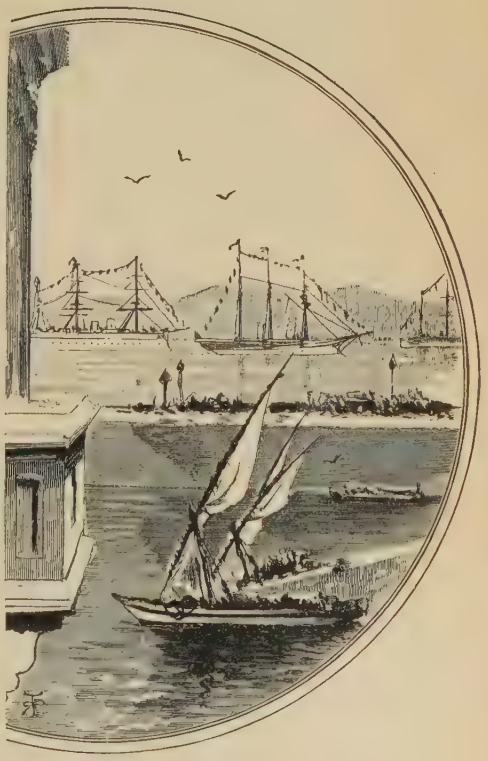


OLD DELHI.

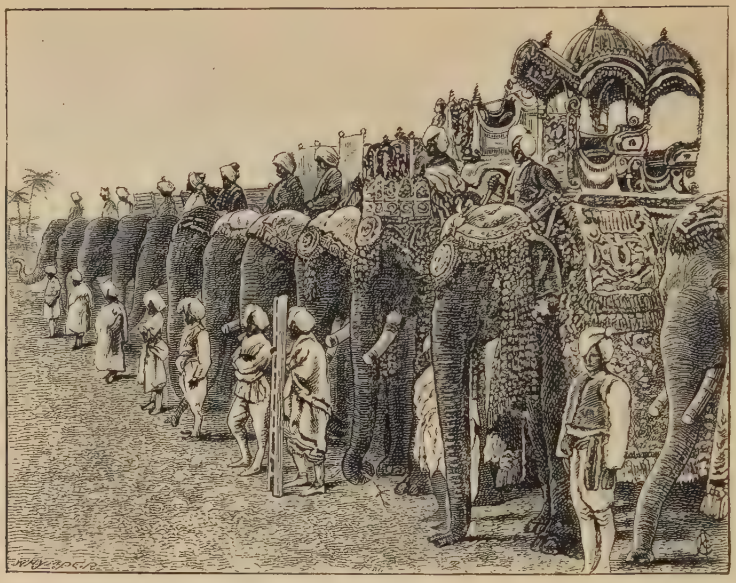
NATIVE WEAPONS.

It is a remarkable tribute to the justice and clemency of British rule in India that fifty years after the great Mutiny, described in another part of this magazine, which threatened to drive the British into the sea, the most magnificent celebration of the accession to the throne and coronation of King Edward VII. should be celebrated in the very centre of that colossal revolt.

The record reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights. The costumes of the heralds and trumpeters, and the Viceroy's bodyguard, riding black horses with leopard skins over the saddles, and the elephant procession, are pronounced one of the most gorgeous pageants ever witnessed. What gives the Durbar special interest to our American kinsfolk is that a Chicago born lady, the wife of the Viceroy, rode with her husband in a golden nowdah on the back of an enormous elephant, and took the precedence of even the King's brother, the Duke of Connaught, the visiting earls and countesses,



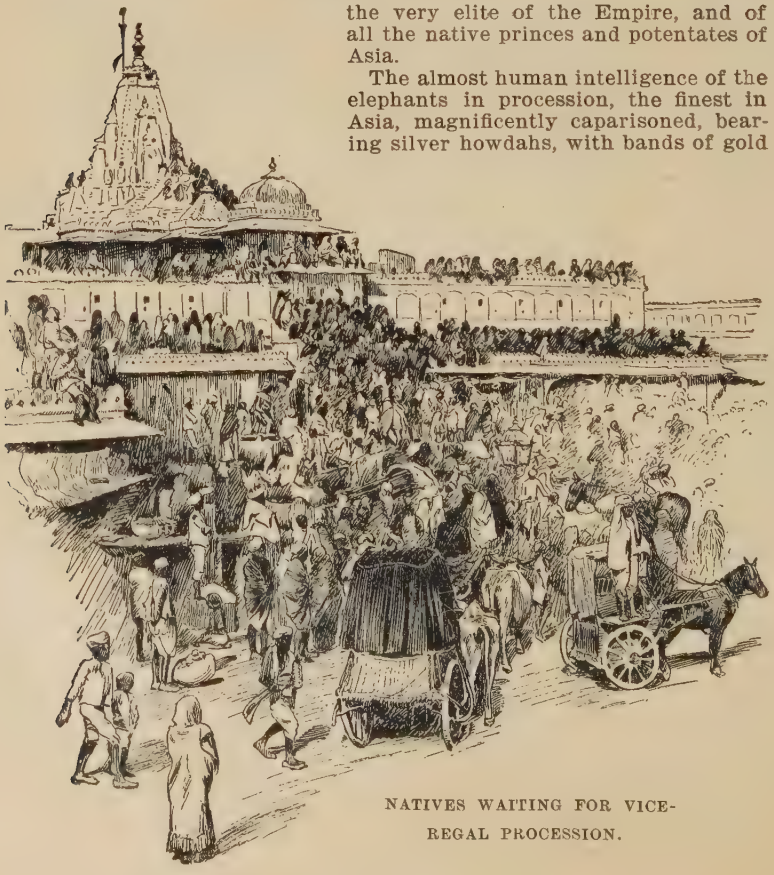
ROYAL DECORATIONS AT CALCUTTA.



PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS.

the very elite of the Empire, and of all the native princes and potentates of Asia.

The almost human intelligence of the elephants in procession, the finest in Asia, magnificently caparisoned, bearing silver howdahs, with bands of gold



NATIVES WAITING FOR VICE-REGAL PROCESSION.

BODY GUARD AND PEON, DELHI.

encircling their tusks, golden bracelets on their ankles, and gold and silver bells tinkling as they walked, was very remarkable. They all saluted by trumpeting and waving their trunks in the air, as if they thoroughly enjoyed the pomp and circumstance of the parade.

The message of the King assuring the people of India of his respect for their dignities and rights, of his interest in their advancement, and devotion to their welfare, was received with tumultuous applause. This display of pomp and splendour, far exceeding anything witnessed at the coronation at the heart of the Empire, would be out of place anywhere but in India; but there, accustomed as they are to the barbaric splendour of the native princes, it was necessary that this imperial function should not be inferior to any that the great Indian dependency had ever witnessed. Lord Curzon's knowledge of Oriental character enabled him to organize the most imposing pageant the East had ever witnessed to signalize the act "by which British ascendency over one-fifth of the human race was formally reaffirmed."

More and more is the sense of the unity and solidarity of the British Empire throughout the world taking possession of mankind. Every candid mind must agree with Lord Rosebery that it is the greatest secular agency for good which exists on the earth. Its might, as Dr. Parkin has remarked, is not used to oppress, but to uplift subject races. It stands for law and order and liberty in every land; for peace and prosperity and Christian institutions.

This is emphatically illustrated in the case of England's African and Asiatic dependencies. The kraal of the barbarous Hottentot or Kaffir has been transformed into a Christian village. The intestine wars, the oppres-

AN INTERIOR, DELHI.
GREAT MOSQUE IN THE DISTANCE.

sion of the poor, the frequent famines of India, have given place to a well-ordered civilization from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. Yet this encouraging story, which should inspire all missionary workers, of this marvellous transformation, is not adequately known by most persons of even large intelligence.

The very name of this vast and populous country suggests stirring associations. It recalls Milton's stately phrase:

"The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

NATIVE INDIAN TROOPS.

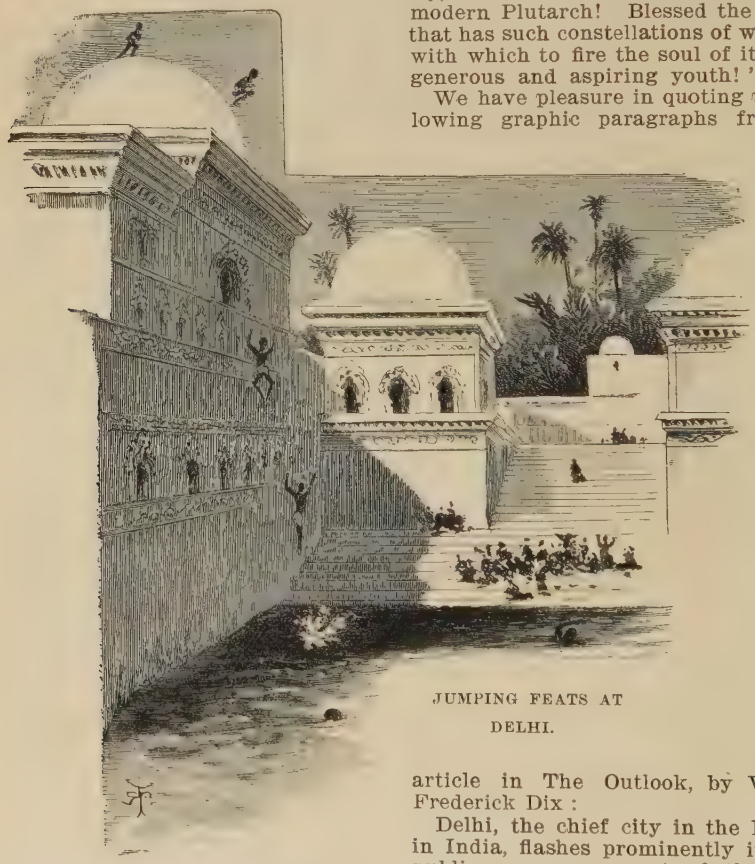
It suggests the ivory palaces, the gilded temples, the gaudy idols, the broad leaves of the palms and the bananas, the sky-piercing Himalayas, the vast surf-lined coast, the dark skins and the snow-white robes of the natives, the rice-fields and the tanks, the elephants and palanquins, "the bazaars, humming like bee-hives, and the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bundle of iron rings to scare away the hyenas and other dangerous animals.

The real beginning of British ascendency in India was in 1757, when on the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk conquered an empire. With three thousand troops, on the plains of Plassey, Robert Clive routed an army of sixty thousand, and laid the foundation of our Indian Empire of 250,000,000 souls. The almost uniform success of the English Company attracted alliances with the native chiefs, and gradually the British rule became extended over the whole country. And especially since the suppression of the Mutiny, all Christendom has overwhelming reasons for gratitude that the sovereignty of England extends over India.

India is a country as populous, and in some large regions more populous than the most thickly-peopled parts of Europe. Let us think of Europe without Russia, that is, of all that system of countries which a few centuries ago formed the whole scene of civilized history, all the European countries of the Roman Empire plus the whole of Germany, the Slavonic countries which are outside Russia, and the Scandinavian countries. India may be roughly said to be about equal both in area and population to all these countries taken together. This empire, which we now govern, is considerably larger and more populous than the empire of Napoleon when it had reached its utmost extent. It is a crowded terri-

tory with an ancient civilization, with languages, religions, philosophies, and literatures of its own.

The Indian army, we all know, does not consist of English soldiers, but mainly of native troops. Out of 200,000 only 65,000, or less than a third are English. At the time of the Mutiny there were 45,000 European troops to 235,000 native troops in India, that is, less than a fifth.



JUMPING FEATS AT DELHI.

"How one must praise," says Dr. Tiffany, an American writer, "the magnificent way in which England administers her Indian Empire. She is the legitimate successor of Imperial Rome. Ruthlessly may she conquer, but in the train of conquest follows the broadest, the wisest, the most humane and tolerant statesmanship the world has ever witnessed. To be humbled by her is to be exalted by her. For back of the greedy, unscrupulous mercantile adventurers and half-pirates that are the first aggressors, lies the great truth-speaking, justice-loving, Christian civilization of the home nation, ever with its Edmund Burke, or kindred moral genius, to voice the deeper sentiment of the people for righteousness and mercy. What a noble breed of men the pro-consuls she has sent out to rule a realm like India —men heroic in courage, supremely loyal to duty, enlightened in intellect, devout in feeling, an honour to humanity, their biographies a more than modern Plutarch! Blessed the nation that has such constellations of worthies with which to fire the soul of its more generous and aspiring youth!"

We have pleasure in quoting the following graphic paragraphs from an article in The Outlook, by William Frederick Dix:

Delhi, the chief city in the Punjab, in India, flashes prominently into the public eye on account of the great Durbar—the proclamation of King Edward as Emperor of India. Delhi, the capital of the great Mogul emperors, whose splendours lasted through five reigns; Delhi, the ancient city, the largest and commercially the most important in the country, filled with the richest historical and legendary associations, is the Rome of India. Delhi's origin is lost in obscurity; in the tenth century its fame had spread far and wide, and during the great Mutiny it was the chief strategic point of all India. Unless it could be taken, the em-

A CROWDED BAZAAR.

pire never again would be held by the English; and when, after the desperate attack that demolished the Kashmir Gate, it at last fell, the moral effect brought about the end of the rebellion.

Emperor of India! Think what it means! Lord of a continent stretching from tropical Ceylon to the untrodden and icy peaks of the Himalayas, rising twice as high as the highest Alps; suzerain of the proudest princes in the world, the rajahs and maharajahs of India; the titular master of glittering armies, of jungles and deserts, villages and teeming cities, of a land over which seven great religions hold sway—Brahmin, Hindu, Jain, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Mohammedan, and Christian!

The Durbar at Delhi is the proclamation of the controlling power of England as represented by her present King; and the Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, has planned the most brilliant ceremony ever held during the new regime.

So new life comes to the picturesque city; its streets blossom with the flower of Indian chivalry; nawabs in brocade and cloth-of-gold, in garments of glittering kinkob, with plumed turbans and gem-studded arms, throng the streets; chariots and elephants bravely caparisoned, richly harnessed white bullocks, and superb horses, make the scene mediæval in its picturesqueness, and merchants display costly fabrics, jewels, and armour, and reap a golden harvest.

But Delhi in its usual life, and as I saw it, lies dreaming of days still more glorious. A profound peace has settled over it, and at night, when the

hearth fires are lighted, the smoke settles down over the low dwellings in a blue-white haze, and the droning life of the day subsides and leaves the city wrapped in fatuous memories of the past.

The two chief places of interest in New Delhi are the great parallelogram of marble palaces of the Moguls, and the Jama Musjid, or Great Mosque. While wandering among these delicate marble palaces, one grows personally interested in such associations as those relating to Lalla Rookh, Nourmahal, the wife of Shah Jehan, who now lies in the most beautiful sepulchre ever built for a woman (the peerless Taj Mahal at Agra), the Koh-i-nur, and the Peacock Throne.

The Mogul's Hall of Private Audience, where the ruler received his ministers, is built of marble and inlaid with gold and precious stones. Here was the famous Peacock Throne. Behind it were the two peacocks with spread tails so inlaid with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, that they gleamed with the colours of life. Between them was a parrot, life size, and carved out of a single emerald! The throne itself stood upon six pedestals of solid gold inlaid with gems. The eyes of one of the peacocks were made of the two enormous diamonds, the Koh-i-nur and the Koh-i-tur—the "Mountain of Light" and the "Mountain of Sinai." When Nadir Shah sacked Delhi and destroyed the Peacock Throne, the Koh-i-nur was not to be found. But a woman revealed the fact that it was hidden in the turban of the Emperor. The wily conqueror, at a banquet, suddenly proposed that he and the Emperor exchange their gemmed turbans in token of friendship. There was no way of refusing this offer, and the Emperor relinquished his headdress. Later, when the Nadir retired to his tent and eagerly explored the turban, behold, in its folds lay the "Mountain of Light," the Koh-i-nur! Thus this wonderful jewel was carried off to Lahore; later it was presented to Queen Victoria, and now it is safely guarded among the treasures of the English crown.

The curious jumping feat shown in one of our cuts is thus described:

We came presently to a large tomb, whose rounded dome rose fifty feet into the air. Directly beneath it was the usual marble tank, perhaps fifty feet square, and filled with stagnant water. As we looked, suddenly the dark, slim figure of a man was seen poised upon the summit of the dome, distinct against the sky. He had divested himself of clothing and was signalling to us. Then he crouched for an instant and gave a terrific spring, tense and quick as a panther, and shot forward into the air. Straightening out, he shot downward, arms straight above his head, and, clearing safely the roof of the mosque, struck the water with a sharp "chunk!" Widening circles of green ripples swept away to the sides of the tank, and then his head reappeared. Vigorously he struck out for the marble coping, climbed out, shook himself, and then pattered, dripping and obsequious, up to the carriage and craved the boon of four annas—about eight cents—for the feat!

BOMBAY HARBOUR.

Current Topics.

The Rising Tide.

The Referendum vote has been growing day by day till it has reached a total in round numbers of nearly two hundred thousand, with a majority of nearly or over one hundred thousand. This is a surprise to even its most sanguine friends. It is the largest vote and largest majority for temperance ever won in the province, and that under specially disadvantageous circumstances. The words of the old and the present premiers on the former plebiscite—"that it was a mandate

THE RISING OF THE TIDE.

License-Holder: "I was pretty well scared one time that it was goin' to rise to high-water-mark."—The World.

that no government could neglect"—are more than ever appropriate to this expression of the people's will. It is not, we think, greatly to the credit of the Government, that after more than a month's delay the full returns of the referendum have not been received. If it were a general election, on which the fate of government depended, the returns would be practically all in by midnight. But this is only a vote on a great moral issue, so the returns came dribbling along for over a month; and those of the towns and cities give evidence of such fraud, personation, and perjury as have never before disgraced the annals of our country. The Government cannot afford to treat with contempt this vote. Had it been held in the good roads and comparative leisure of January 5, unquestionably the high and arbitrary standard of two hundred and thirteen thousand votes fixed by the Government would have been more than reached. The Government has had one lesson of the dissatisfaction of the temperance electors. It will be wise not to require another. Some strong advance movement must be made for the suppression of the bar, which is everywhere condemned, or the people of Ontario will want to know the reason why.

Our Country's Shame.

It has been a painful and humiliating experience to every patriotic Canadian to hear the persistent accusations of fraud, bribery and corruption which, on the platform and in the press, have been repeated *ad nauseam* against leaders and agents of both political parties. There is confessedly only too good ground for much of this accusation. It is not so very long ago, as measured by the life of a nation, that a similar or worse condition of affairs obtained in Britain, when it was the blunt dictum of that great political leader, Walpole, that "every man has his price." His policy agreed thereto in purchasing votes like sheep in the shambles. But English politics have outgrown that sentiment and practice, and are as pure as any in the world. Would that we could say the same of Canada. Those who tamper with the franchise poison the springs of justice at the very fountain-head, and are the deadliest enemies of the commonweal. More serious still is the indifference shown towards the punishment of such crime when detected. The saturnalia of corruption during the referendum vote in Toronto beggars description, and was evidently the outcome of an organized conspiracy of the God-and-man-defying liquor trade to defeat the temperance vote. Yet these convicted miscreants are allowed to go scot-free on the payment of a paltry fine, which the liquor interest which hired them

can well afford to pay if thereby they may defeat the ends of justice. We hope the commission asked for to investigate these outrages will make thorough work. We commend it to the penalties for the violation of the new liquor law in the Transvaal referred to in another paragraph—imprisonment for seven years or a fine of three thousand dollars.

An American paper attributes the Venezuela difficulty to the conceit of President Castro, who considers that the Monroe doctrine enables him to defy all Europe.

Castro: "I'm just as big as you are."—Ohio State Journal.

The forces of peace and righteousness have won another victory in the reference of the Venezuela trouble to the court of arbitration of the Hague. It would have been an inglorious war, that of the two most powerful nations of Europe against one of the weakest and most anarchic republics, so-called, of America. But there is no glory in a big, burly policeman arresting and cuffing an irrepressible gamin, bent on mischief and defying authority. We hope the armed forces of Christendom will never again be engaged in aught but police duty—in substituting civilization for savagery and order for anarchy. Great Britain has had much of this work to accomplish in the past, and the complications in Somaliland, Nigeria and elsewhere show that her work is not yet done.

The Railway Tragedies.

The recent railway accidents in Canada have been a great shock to the community, and have created among travellers a marked feeling of insecurity. Certainly those tragedies resulted from preventable causes, and we hope that increased vigilance will for ever prevent the recurrence of the like. But in view of the tide of travel the average percentage of accident is very, very small. One is more likely, says Dr. Smiles, to be killed by lightning or to be hanged than to be killed by a railway accident. In 1900, the latest statistics we have, of over twenty-one million passengers in Canada, only seven were killed. No other mode of travel is so safe. Staging is far more perilous. Often when riding comfortably in a Pullman car at night we have thought of the unsleeping vigilance of the hundreds of persons through whose fidelity, often under conditions of extreme physical and mental strain, one's security is due. This doctrine of averages, however, is little comfort to those who have suffered in their own person, or have been bereaved of friends. It is not beyond the resources of civilization, by the rigid adoption of the block system, to make railway travel still safer than it is; and especially to safeguard the lives of the railway employees, the mortality and injury among whom is appalling, totalling more every year than the casualties of a great battle.

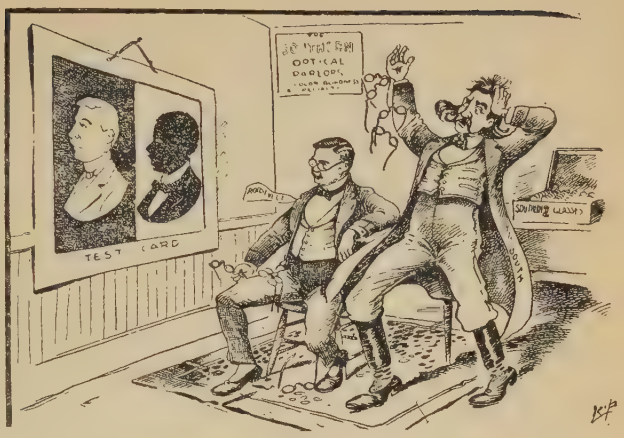
The Scientific American remarks that last year in the United States one hundred and sixty-seven persons were killed in railway accidents. During the same period in Great Britain not a single passenger was killed, and this notwithstanding the fact that the density of traffic, and consequently risk of collision, is greater in Great Britain than in the United States.

President Roosevelt's Colour-Blindness.

One of the acts that drew most attention to President Roosevelt in the beginning of his career at the White House was a simple invitation to lunch. It was the invitation he extended to Booker T. Washington. In spite of the storm then evoked, Mr. Roosevelt is exerting his influence still further on behalf of the downtrodden blacks. He now announces his intention of appointing one of their number, Dr. W. D. Crum, Collector of the Port of Charleston. The citizens of that city are making loud protests against such an appointment. Some slight charges of unfitness are made, but the chief ground of complaint is that the appointment is "an insult to the white blood." Presi-

dent Roosevelt promises to look into the charges of unfitness, but refuses under any circumstances to countenance the assumption that a coloured man, however honourable and upright a citizen, may never hold any office under the Government. He believes the coloured man should be made to feel that if he shows himself as good a citizen as the white man, he will be honoured with similar rewards.

The clever cartoonist shows this colour-blindness of the President. The chivalric press of New Orleans, however, declares the appointment of certain coloured officials to be an insult to the whites, and threatens the obnoxious negroes with death. The strenuous President is not likely to submit to such dictation.



INCURABLE.

Roosevelt: "They both look alike to me."—Detroit News.

The citzens of Indianola, Miss., having compelled by brutal persecution Mrs. Cox, a negro postmistress, to resign her office, the President has ordered the office to be closed, with this comment:

"In the view of the President, the relief of the business interests, which are being injured solely by the action of the lawless element of the town, is wholly secondary to the preservation of law and order and the assertion of the fundamental principle that this Government will not connive at or tolerate wrong and outrage of such flagrant character."

Good for the President!

Explosive Material.

The *emeute* in Morocco shows what explosive materials are lying loose in northern Africa. From the time of the Punic wars the sovereignty of the Middle Sea was the great object of national concern. Britain less than any nation can afford to have that highway of commerce to the East imperilled by hostile powers. The Moslem fanaticism blazes fiercely in Morocco. The head and front of its emperor's offending seems to be that he is too friendly to the Christian powers and to western civilization, that he protects the missionaries, rides a bicycle and, worst of all, uses the kodak, that "box of Satan." The Moslem religion prohibits the use of pictures as well as of wine, hence no mosque or palace has any graven or painted image, but only arabesque designs. The interests of peace require the maintenance of the *status quo*, and this the powers will probably maintain rather than precipitate a war about the partition of northern Africa, a conflict the end of which no man can tell.

The Latter-Day Prophet.

The modern editor, says Carlyle, is the successor of the Hebrew prophets. It is his duty to cry aloud and spare not, to reprove sin in high places or in low, to ring the tocsin of alarm in time of national peril, to promote civic and social righteousness, and to safeguard society as far as possible from the evils of the times. This is a high ideal, and certainly many Canadian papers have not lived up to it during the recent temperance campaign. We are glad to know that a man of such high character, of such marked editorial ability as the Rev. J. A. Macdonald, is called to a place of such moral influence as the editorship of a great city daily. He will occupy a pulpit not less influential than that of any man in the country, and will continue to be a preacher of righteousness not less, but more than ever before.

The Standard Oil and Armour Packing Companies are importing material for a million and a half tin boxes from Wales. This is one industry that has not been Morganized. American firms are also importing large quantities of English, Belgian, and German steel and Welsh coal.

Religious Intelligence.

The Prisoners' Aid Association.

Prevention may be better than cure, nevertheless the cure of the first malady is ofttimes the prevention of a second. Because a man has once fallen into crime is no reason why we should not put forth our best efforts to prevent another such lapse.

Thus our Prisoners' Aid Association aims at "the reformation of offenders, their welfare when discharged, the prevention of crime, and prison reform." When the world is turning the cold shoulder to the man just out of prison, this organization goes to him with an offer of temporary lodging, meals, a supply of tools, and such helps to a better life. The Society also strives to minister to the heart-life of these unfortunates through its Sunday-schools and preaching services held in the prisons and reformatories. This work is greatly aided by the hearty co-operation of the Toronto ministers. The Association also provides night schools and a Home for girls, and affords medical treatment for indigent inebriates. Outside of the work done among the prisoners, it aims at drawing the attention of the public to the need of prison reform, such as the Parole System, "whereby efficient supervision shall, as far as possible, be maintained over prisoners liberated on ticket-of-leave;" the Probation System, "whereby first offenders may have an opportunity to reform without imprisonment;" and provision for the Scientific Treatment of Inebriates. Needless to say, a work like this cannot be carried on without the support of Christian people. To Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, its indefatigable secretary, the Association owes very much of its success.

A Greeting of Welcome.

The Guardian has come through its metamorphosis with the New Year in the hands of its new editor, the Rev. G. A. Bond, B.A. We would reply to his "foreword" with the heartiest welcome to our midst. Though newly installed in this post, Mr. Bond is by no means a stranger to our people. His literary style—terse, vigorous, sparkling with animation—has been known for some time through the various publications of Methodism. During the eight years that Mr. Bond has filled the editorial chair of The Wesleyan, he has shown marked ability, and we know that his constituency there, with its cultured and literary tastes, was not one to be satisfied with inferior work. With a pleasing modesty, however, he forgets his past successes, and turns to the untrod path that lies before. Mr. Bond is a graduate of Mount Allison, and is not the first gifted son our sister college has given to the West. We recognize the voice of a descendant of the sea-girt shores of Newfoundland, when he says in his opening editorial:

"As captain of the ship, he is, of course, responsible to the owners; but having been given his general sailing orders, and told the port for which he is to steer, he must be allowed to manage his own crew and shape his own course. Doubtless it will not be all smooth sailing, but that matters little so the port be gained in good trim and in good time."

The Transvaal Liquor Law.

Those who contend that prohibitory measures cannot be made effective in our own land should look a little into the enforcement of the restrictions of the liquor traffic in the Transvaal. To secure the proper enforcement of the new Transvaal liquor law introduced by Lord Milner, a special force of inspectors and detectives has been engaged. Any attempt to influence these officials is punishable by the forceful penalty of seven years' imprisonment and a fine of six hundred pounds. Surely a penalty of this nature will make men think twice before becoming law-breakers. Another most important feature of the measure is that in any village, ward, or municipality, a bare majority of those polling is sufficient to introduce prohibition for three years or longer, if not reversed by a contrary vote.

In villages and municipalities not having prohibition, great restrictions are placed on the traffic, such as prohibition of sale of liquor to natives, likewise to drunken persons or those under sixteen, abolition of barmaids and of back and side entrances, no gambling to be permitted on premises

enforcement of closing on Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas, and election days.

When a man is conducting a business to which the public cannot trust him with a back and side entrance, he must feel that his calling is at least not very honourable in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

Luella Miner, a missionary in Pekin, protests in The Outlook against American treatment of the Chinese. "Canada," she says, "is preventing an influx of Chinese labourers by laws which inflict comparatively few hardships on students, merchants, and travellers. So long as our vicious laws are executed with drastic severity on the principle that it is better that ten Chinese students should suffer than that one coolie should steal into the land to compete with the Italians, Bohemians, and other choice immigrants who are flooding our Atlantic shores, so long we shall have cause to blush. Will the American people permit abuses which would be a disgrace to Turkey, which call forth our protest when they exist in Roumania, permanently to stain our Christian civilization?"

A missionary writes of Pundita Ramabai's Mission at Mukti, near Poona: "The mission buildings, which are of good stone or brick, form a small town, and there are over 1,900 widows and orphans in the home. The whole place is like an immense bee-hive. Nearly a thousand are in school, and the rest are sewing, cooking, grinding, doing garden or field work. Fifty-two girls are being thoroughly trained as teachers, and many more as Bible-women. A great work is being carried on in all the villages within reach by these women, who go out in bands, headed by an elder worker. Many deny themselves one meal on Sunday so as to be able to give something toward mission work."

The completion of the twenty million thank-offering undertaken by the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been attained. Four years ago this Church undertook to commemorate the incoming of the twentieth century by this splendid offering. The goal has been reached. A large amount has been contributed within the past few weeks. The offering includes endowments for colleges, universities, hospitals, orphanages, and various other philanthropic enterprises as well as debts on many churches.

In 1890 there were in Korea a little over one hundred Protestant Christians, and since then there has been one of the most marvellous growths of the Christian Church in the history of the world. There are in Korea to-day over 20,000 men and women who call themselves by the name of Christ. A peculiar feature of the work in Korea is that it is self-supporting. The natives carry on this work, and the foreign missionaries have to superintend and direct these natives and train up at the same time those who are to be leaders.

Rev. T. Albert Moore, President of the Hamilton Conference, we are glad to note, has accepted the appointment as Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance for Ontario, and Associate Secretary for the Dominion. He will not give up his work in Zion Tabernacle, Hamilton, until June, though it is arranged that he take a certain measure of the duties of his new office. The zeal and devotion that have characterized his work in the ministry will the better qualify him for this new field.

Death of a Scientist.

The world of science witnesses the removal of one of its stars in the death of Major John Wesley Powell, Director of the Bureau of Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. He was born in 1834, and, like many another illustrious man, first saw the light of day in a Methodist parsonage. Major Powell is most widely known as the explorer of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. He was not only the first man to explore those terrible gorges, but the only man to travel the entire length of the canyon, thereby giving the world one of the most notable explorations and surveys in the history of North America. He is also well known as a contributor of brilliant scientific articles to the leading magazines.

In Dr. Chown's admirable article on "Christian Unity" in our January number the following errors occurred: on page 49, first column, eleventh line from the foot, for the word "morally" read "formally." On page 50, first column, second line from foot, for "enthusiasm" read "emphasis."

Book Notices.

"The Death of Christ." Its Place and Interpretation in the New Testament. By James Denny, D.D., Professor of New Testament Language, Literature, and Theology, United Free Church College, Glasgow. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. Pp. xix-334. Price, $1.50.

This is a book of unusual importance. It treats the most momentous subject in Christian theology. It discusses it with a devout and reverent thoroughness not unworthy of the theme. "The death of Christ has not had the place assigned it," says the author, "either in preaching or theology which it has in the New Testament." His purpose is to set forth that cardinal event in the relief which it has in the oracles of God. The author begins with the life and teaching of Jesus himself as recorded in the Gospels. He shows how impossible is the theory that only towards the close of his ministry did this solemn truth come to the consciousness of Jesus himself. He points out the fact that from the time of his baptism and temptation it furnishes the only explanation to his life and ministry. It is also the theme of the earliest Christian preaching as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. It is the especial burden of the epistles of St. Paul.

Our author shows that this conception is fundamental, that the sacrificial death of our Lord is essential to the very idea of the Atonement. "It was not Paul's theology," he says, "it was his gospel." It was the burden, too, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "the most theological writing of the New Testament." In this epistle Christ's priestly office and propitiatory sacrifice are intimately connected. In the Johannine writings, the same great truth is presented with striking clearness, iteration, and power.

The importance of this doctrine in preaching and theology are duly set forth. There can be no Gospel without Atonement. "The Atonement," says our author, "is the key to the unity and therefore to the inspiration of Scripture." It is the proper evangelical foundation for a doctrine of the person of Christ. The incarnation is not intelligible, nor credible, nor defendable, except when defined by the relation of the Atonement. The Atonement is the basis for an adequate doctrine of God, of his love and fatherhood. It is the foundation of Christian ethics as of Christian life. A pathetic interest in the minds of many of its readers attaches to this book in that it was the subject of the last editorial ever written by the late Hugh Price Hughes.

"The Dawn of the Reformation." By Herbert B. Workman, B.A. Author of "The Church of the West in the Middle Ages." Vol. II. The Age of Hus. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-375.

In a previous volume Mr. Workman treats with conspicuous ability the Age of Wyclif, in this volume he treats the Age of Hus. He discusses in a lucid and luminous manner the stormy history of the great Reformer. The interest gathers chiefly about the famous Council of Constance, by which Hus and Jerome, in violation of the safe-conduct of the Emperor Sigismund, were done to death. It was one of the greatest gatherings of notables ever known in history. To this little town by the Boden See were gathered a hundred thousand persons of many lands and many tongues. Twenty-seven languages were spoken. There were a hundred dukes and earls, the representatives of eighty-three kings and princes. There were twenty-nine cardinals, thirty-three archbishops, two hundred and fifty bishops, eighteen thousand priests, five hundred and seventy-eight doctors in law or theology, six hundred official scribes—a great Parliament of the Nations. Stabling was found for thirty-six thousand horses. The Council lasted over three years and six months and was a scene of violence and strife and crime. Five hundred bodies, says our author, were fished up from the Rhine; murder was an easy and silent way of getting rid of a foe.

One may still visit the great hall, the old cathedral, and the old Dominican monastery in which several

of the sessions were held. The monastery is now an hotel. Its ancient chapel is a dining-room. On the walls are painted scenes of its early history. The past is more real than the present. As one sits at meat the waiters vanish and in their place appear the frocked monks of that old council of six hundred years ago. One may visit the house in which John Hus lodged, the church in which he was condemned, the place without the town where he glorified God amid the flames. The old story is told in this book with vigour and vivacity, with copious citation of evidence and a splendid bibliography of the principal authorities cited. It is a masterpiece of historical research and exposition, and is a distinct addition to Methodist scholarship.

"My New Curate." A Story gathered from the Stray Leaves of an Old Diary. By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P., Doneraile (Diocese of Cloyne). Author of "Geoffrey Austin: Student," etc. Boston: Marlier & Co. Pp. x-480. Price, $1.50.

This is a strongly written story of Irish life and character. The diarist is an easy-going priest well up in the seventies, who has spent his life in the seclusion of a western Irish parish. To him is sent a young English curate full of zeal for the material and social as well as for the religious betterment of his parishioners. Overcoming much inertia and resistance, in order to employ the energies of the men and women for whom there seems to be no work, he builds a fishing schooner and establishes a factory, becoming responsible for the cost, which was several hundred pounds. His efforts were futile. Strikes and boycotts soon closed the factory. On its first voyage the fishing schooner was run down and sunk. The drink curse neutralized much of his best effort. There were eight public-houses in a wretched village of three hundred souls, and the zealous curate found himself overwhelmed with crushing debt. But he won the love of the people, friends came to his assistance, and he was promoted to a charge where his energies could find ampler scope.

The charm of the book is its sympathetic presentation of the peasant life and the delineation of character, motives and methods with which Protestant readers are largely unfamiliar. It is a good thing to ascertain the point of view of those with whom on many grounds we disagree. The religious and humanitarian zeal of such parish priests as Father Matthew and the good Father Dan, or "Daddy" Dan as the peasants loved to call him, in this story, present many lovable features. The self-devotion of the parish priests during the Irish famine and fever is a tale of heroism of which all Christendom may feel proud.

There is not a little droll Irish humour in the book, as the account of the charity concert from which great things were hoped, the net result of which was "four shillings, eleven pence ha'penny." A graphic account is given of the treason of a disloyal society which the young priest nipped in the bud; but its secrets had already been betrayed to the government authorities by one of its trusted leaders. Father Dan was rather liberal in his way. In giving his curate a list of writers on church history most of them were Protestant heretics, but then, he said, he could not find any Catholic authorities on the subject. There was a little pedantry on the old scholar's classical quotations and discussions on rubrics and ritual, but he makes amends by his love of the children and the poor. The literary merit of the book is shown by its reaching a tenth edition in eleven months.

"The Blue Flower." By Henry Van Dyke. Illustrated. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Ltd. Pp. viii-299. Price, $1.50.

The accomplished Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States never uttered a more eloquent sermon than the stories contained in this book. Not that they are in the least bit preachy, for the author abhors tagging a moral to a tale. They all teach the lesson that he who seeks for happiness as an end shall not find it. With him who lives for duty it is an abiding presence. The story of Artaban, the Other Wise Man, strikingly illustrates this. Following the star in the East to seek with the three magi the new king of Jewry, he turned aside again and again at the cry of suffering to perform deeds of mercy. So he did not find the Christ-child, but the Christ himself was revealed to him in his suffering poor. The Lost Word tells how Hermas of Antioch exchanged for worldly wealth the unspeakable Name,

to find, though not too late, that without the lost word all else is dust and ashes. The First Christmas-tree tells how thirteen hundred years ago Winfried of England, the Apostle of Germany, smote the oak of pagan worship and substituted therefor the pine tree, ever since sacred to the Babe of Bethlehem. The story of the Mill is a prose poem quite in the vein of Tennyson's Idylls, with an even more quaint archaic manner. The book is one of the most dainty and beautiful of the holiday issues, its coloured pictures being of rare artistic merit.

"The Art of Noble Living." By Robert P. Downes, LL.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 422. Price, 6s.

Dr. Downes by his previous works, "Pillars of our Faith," and "Woman, Her Charm and Power," has achieved distinction as an author of originality and force of thought, grace of diction, generous sentiments and lofty ethical purpose. Yet an author may have all these without that nameless something which raises his work to the level of higher literature. That touch this book in marked degree possesses. The book is rich in allusion to the greatest writers, thinkers and doers of the race, and in quotation from their "winged words." All readers of cultivation and taste will richly enjoy these chapters. They treat of noble living in its relation to youth, character, self-culture, work and service, society and religion. They set forth an ideal of noble living, its rewards, and utter a forceful call thereto. Dr. Downes is a graceful poet himself and his own lines admirably set forth his conception of the ideal life:

"Artists of the Soul are we,
Moulding life and destiny;
Workers at a task sublime
Which defies the touch of time."

"Chapters on Preaching." A Manual for the Guidance of Young Preachers. By Rev. Geo. Fletcher, Tutor in Pastoral Theology and Church organization in the Wesleyan College, Richmond, Surrey. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-176.

The pulpit is the preacher's throne of power. There he gets the ear and can reach the conscience of the multitude as nowhere else. There he must put forth his best efforts. The art of preaching is one which he is ever learning, but has never fully learned. These wise counsels of a teacher of preachers cannot fail to be of great advantage to the wider circle than the Richmond students—to the men throughout world-wide Methodism who are exercising their holy calling in the fear and love of God. It is a little book, but full of pith. It sets forth the preacher's message and his mission, the wise use of the Scriptures, the preacher in his study, and the pulpit as affected by the times, the sermon in relation to the whole service, and the preacher's daily work.

"New Testament Holiness." By Thos. Cook. Author of "My Mission Tour in South Africa," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 207.

The great purpose of Methodism has been, in the words of its saintly founder, to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land. Sometimes this old Wesleyan doctrine has been misrepresented or inadequately set forth. It has been the subject of discussion which has not ministered unto godliness. It has been to multitudes a blessed and heart-felt experience which has raised their Christian life to a higher plane. Thomas Cook, the distinguished evangelist, whose exposition of this Scriptural teaching has brought such benefit to multitudes of souls, here sets forth with clearness and cogency this old Methodist and Bible doctrine, as taught so clearly in the words of Wesley, Fletcher and the New Testament writers.

Lastly came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purple bill
As from a limebeck did adown distil:
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbes he habel was to weld.

—*Spenser.*

THE COMING STORM.

"Woman's rights" in Europe are often woman's wrongs. It is pitiful to see aged women toiling in the fields, guarding the railway crossings, carrying brick and mortar up a ladder in the towns, or harnessed to a waggon or cart, or sawing wood in the streets. They do much of the market huxtering, and in our cut the stout-armed damsel and her toil-worn mother, returning from market in their heavy and clumsy boat, are encountering the peril of a coming storm.

CATHEDRAL, MEXICO CITY.

PASEO DE LA REFORMA, MEXICO.